AROUND SOUTH AMERICA WITH A SAMPLE CASE

BY

J. FRANK LANNING

W. E. Russell

Mrs. L. Mortimer
With the writer's best wishes
Sincerely Yours
Frank Lanning
Oct 29th 1920

25.
INSCRIBED

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The Gateway Of The West.

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INTRODUCTION.

Two days out from New York, on a Ward Line Steamer, bound for Havana, some years ago, one of the lady passengers came to me and said: "This is my first ocean trip and I am looking for 'thrills.' Will I have any before getting back home, do you think?" Being anxious to please the ladies at all times I promised to see what could be done for her. Ten days later I helped her escape from a wrecked ship in the midst of a stormy sea, and she seemed to think the effort overdone.

I left New York hoping for adventures worth telling about and got crowded a bit. There was a prospect of going to the summit of the Corderillos, but not coming down in a hand car. A bit of rough weather was certain but did not count on bucking the greatest storm ever experienced on the Pacific Coast, and that too in a ship of only one thousand tons register. It was also necessary for me to get on intimate terms with cattle and sheep in order to secure data on these important South American industries, but I surely got a jolt when informed I had become infected with anthrax. On more than one occasion friends have called me a "blooming goat," but did not consider myself close enough akin to the Animal Kingdom to get their disease. Coming safely through these events add interest to the story, which is dedicated to the dear friends whose good wishes went with me,

and the equally dear friends who gathered about me at every stage of the journey, always ready to turn aside from their personal affairs to render helpful service, chief among whom is the wonderful woman whose self-sacrificing devotion saved me from death, and nursed me back to health. And if these, my friends, read this book with half the pleasure felt in writing it for them, my labor of love will be repaid.

THE AUTHOR.

Around South America With a Sample Case

OFF FOR PANAMA.

CHAPTER I.

"Life, how much more
Shall thy tides compel me
From the calm shore?
Down the far ways of the winds
And the deeps impell me?

I hear thy song,
Not as landsmen sing it!
Mine be the long
Roll of sea-drums, and the song
As the thunders sing it."

A day like a day in June, a farewell lunch at White's with Mr. Foster; his good company to the dock, and, later another party of dear friends reached the pier to bid me a tender farewell, the memory of which will linger until they welcome me on my return. We cast off at six o'clock and headed down the bay, bidding good-bye to the familiar landmarks along the way. As the twilight came on the city's fantastic skyline was draped in a filmy sheen of palest pink and purple, and made of it a thing of beauty.

We passed close by the Statue of Liberty and it never meant so much to me before, although I have sailed past it many times, but tonight it seemed to radiate the spirit of freedom, and, to judge from recent results, it must have had the same effect on the boys, who, in passing it en route for France, pledged their precious lives to maintain forever that for which it stands, and right royally did they redeem their pledge; bless their gallant hearts! It was nearly dark when we passed the Narrows, and soon the light on the "highland" sent out its friendly signal to warn and to welcome. A few hours later the glare of Atlantic City's board-walk illumination lit up the sky with a cheerful glow. There will be weeks and months of sunshine and storm and strange adventures for me before these familiar lights gladden my eyes again, as I am booked for a long journey, and will visit lands where the mysteries of past ages still linger with clearer imprint than elsewhere in the western world.

The second night out Captain Hudgins invited me to his cabin where I met his charming wife, and, together, they made the balance of the voyage all too short. Captain Hudgins has had a most interesting career, and I was able to induce him to tell me some of his experiences. In exchanging reminiscenes of the sea, I learned he was second officer on the "Dom Pedro II" out of Baltimore, and she was in the harbor of Rio when I sailed

from there on the Old Hartford so long ago that neither of us cared to count the years. It is interesting to know Captain Hudgins has the distinction of commanding the first ship that passed through the Panama Canal when it was opened. When war was declared, he promptly applied for a naval berth for which he was so well fitted, but got the same answer from the Navy Department that shattered my hopes, but he could not be side-tracked, and, by heroic effort, succeeded in getting a commission as captain in the Engineer Corps, where he rendered very valuable service until the armistice was signed. A chap like this is well worth knowing, and he won my admiration by his modesty and efficiency. His accuracy in navigation was positively uncanny. I was in his cabin the third night out and telling him of a clever piece of navigation by Captain Foss of the N. Y. & P. R. Liner "Brazos" last year when she picked up the distress call from the "Iroquois." The helpless craft was 186 miles distant when the call came, and when we laid our course for her Captain Foss told me we would "pick her up" at four bells in the mid watch (2 A. M.) There was a thick haze over the western sky line when I joined the lookout at 1:30, but in ten minutes we saw the "Iroquois" lights almost ahead. Just as four bells struck, the engines on the "Brazos" stopped and the ships were within three hundred yards of each other. When I finished the story Captain Hudgins said

"Yes; one can be rather accurate in these calculations; as, for instance, we will pick up Wattling Island light two points off the starboard bow in five minutes." I was anxious to verify this claim from the bridge, but Mrs. Hudgins had taken up the conversation so I remained seated. In precisely four and one-half minutes the officer in charge of the bridge came to the cabin and reported Wattling Island Light, giving the direction in degrees. I expected to note a well-satisfied expression on the captain's countenance, but he seemed a bit disgruntled because he had missed the time by one-half minute, and the direction by one sixty-fourth of a degree. This same performance was pulled off the next night. The captain and I were on the bridge, and, taking out his watch he said, "we will see Cassoway light in eight minutes." In exactly eight minutes the lookout reported a light but it was at least two points off. The captain remained quiet and I fancied him seeking in his mind to locate the current that had carried him even so little out of his course. Just then another light was reported; this time in the right direction, and it proved to be Cassoway, and the other a freighter homeward bound. So I lift my seaman's cap to the Master.

The next day we passed in sight of Nipi Bay and the purple mountains of Cuba Orienti. Here we changed our course and headed for Colon, with the blue waters of the Caribbean before us. Un-

fortunately a dense haze overcast the sky, so we were denied a view of Hayti and San Domingo, which, otherwise, would have loomed high within our vision. No land was sighted until Sunday at noon, but then the mountains of Columbia begun to separate from the low-lying clouds and gradually shaped themselves into a massive range.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the clouds lifted and Cape Manzanillo thrust its splendid front into the blue waters and the cluster of houses marking the town of Porto Bello was plainly seen. Immediately visions of Bluebeard, Blackbeard, Morgan, Drake and all the buccaneers came into the mental vision for this was the one spot where they foregathered and fought many a bloody battle.

It was in one of the harbors of the Gulf of Darien just around the corner of Porto Bello that Drake made the first attempt to solve the problem of yellow fever, for it was here he ordered his only brother's body dissected, and stood by whilst it was done, in order to discover the cause of the mysterious death that had taken so heavy a toll from his ranks. The gruesome task was in vain, and the yellow scourge continued its ravages for centuries, but is now almost a thing of the past, thanks to Victor Blue and his brave companions who risked their lives but not in vain for they scotched the yellow jack when the mosquito was found to be the sinner that had brought so much suffering and death to the world.

It was just off this port Drake made his last fight. Sir Frederick Treves tells us "In seven days after leaving the Island of Nombre de Dios the fleet anchored off Porto Bello. It was the morning of January 28th, 1596, Drake had long sunk into a state of semi-consciousness. At the dawn of this day something roused him. It may have been the tramp of men overhead shortening sail, or the rattle of the chain in the hawser pipe as the anchor was dropped. He raised himself in the cot, a shrunken ghost of a man, and then it would seem that there came upon him for the first time the knowledge that he was dying.

But die he would not! He had fought every foe under the canopy of heaven. He would fight death too. He sat up; he called for his clothes, he railed; and mocked at the coming shadow. His trembling servant dressed him, sighing to note the once great wrists turned to the wrists of a child and the sturdy limbs shrivelled to nothing more than bones. The master would put on his best tunic, his lace collar, his shoulder ribbons and his last new sword belt. He would now walk out upon the quarter-deck to show his crew that Francis Drake was ready to lead them still. One step and it was his last. He was lifted back to his bed, and there, clad as he would have been on the eve of a battle, the great sea captain died.

He was buried a league out at sea, and on either

side of him were sunk one of his own ships and the last Spanish prize he had taken.

It was just such a resting-place as his heart would desire and in just such company would he wish to be. Landwards stretches the scene of his early exploits, for Porto Bello lies here open to the tides, while round the cape is the haven of Nombre de Dios, and the beauty of the spot is unsurpassed. It is endless summer here. The hills that creep down to the beach are as green as the hills of Devon. The sea is an iris-blue, and when the wind is still there is never a sound to be heard but that of surf breaking on the reefs. The great warrior may rest quietly when the sea is calm but when a storm sweeps over his resting place his spirit must awaken for he was happy only when in the midst of storm and strife.

We were almost at the breakwater when I pulled myself back to the present day and in a few minutes the port officers came on board. Everyone was herded in the cabin for quarantine inspection, and, for some unaccountable reason, my name was at the bottom of the list, which resulted in being kept a prisoner until we were alongside the dock. This prevented me from seeing the approach to the great breakwater that had caused the government so much trouble and expense. The customs passed us quickly, and a regular "down home darky" loaded me into his still more "down home" outfit and carried me to the Washington

Hotel. The whole outfit was a duplicate of Old George's rig at Chase City, which I used to patronize twenty-five years ago, but thank Heaven the hotel was not a relic of ancient days. If anything, it was extraordinary in its equipment, even for these modern days. After dinner I left the hotel on a voyage of discovery and soon found myself in what proved to be the native quarter of Colon. I had not gone far before my attention was drawn to what was unmistakably a Salvation Army meeting. Following the lead, I was soon outside the Barracks. Just as I reached the door I heard the preacher say, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth on me though he were dead, yet shall he live again." I have heard great preachers give out this text but never have I known them to carry such power and conviction. He repeated the text and then preached a sermon that for pure religious fervor has seldom, if ever, been equalled in my hearing. He was evidently a Jamaican negro, for his voice was musical and his spoken words even more so. He made no effort to play upon the emotions of his hearers; although they were all negroes except myself, but talked to them in well-chosen language, telling them about the Christ, and through Him the hope for peace in their hearts here and hereafter, life eternal. There was no likeness between this service and a like meeting in our Southland. It was only when the sermon was ended and a song begun that charac-

teristics of the race were in evidence. Then the wild cadence of the black man's music rang true, and for a moment I imagined myself in Georgia instead of on the Canal Zone. I left them chanting "Over the Line" and had gone but a short distance when the weird music of the African "Tom-Tom" literally throbbed in my ears. I could scarcely believe I had heard aright, but only walked a short distance when I came upon a group that seemed strangely savage. Had it been the moon instead of an arc lamp lighting the scene it would have been a picture of the upper Congo. Seated on boxes were two coal black men making the drums tell of witches and voo-doo, making an anthem well calculated to inspire the ring of hearers grouped around them with visions of days when music like this preceeded the feast furnished by dead foes. In a moment a man and woman stepped into the circle and executed the weirdest dance I have ever witnessed. Within an hour I had seen the savage rights of a primitive people and a service of true worship, and that by the same race of people. If it were not for the modern romance of the canal and the old romance of the bucaneers, Colon and vicinity would be a most uninteresting place, but when one remembers that some of the wildest scenes of piracy and bloodshed ever enacted were pulled off in these waters, then mountains and inlets become alive with epics of other days. Days when Drake and Morgan harried every settlement

along the coast, levying tribute from both priest and publican, and decorating nearby trees with victims of their murderous lust when the loot fell short of the expectations.

There was nothing here in the way of business, so last evening I left Colon by rail and came over to Panama. Today I visited the plant of the Canal Zone at Balboa, and have seen what is perhaps the most complete machine shop on earth. It is a revelation to anyone who knows the value of complete equipment. The officials extended every courtesy, and indicated the possibility of great trade in case we can get started with our products, for much belt and babbitt metal is used here yearly. Returning to Panama I learned that our chances, of doing business with the Panamanians, for the time being at least, is absolutely nil, owing to the stupid blunder of our commanding officer on the Zone. He issued his famous order No. 26 forbidding officers and men of the army and navy from leaving the Zone and, in support of this unholy order, wrote the authorities at Washington saying that official investigation of the women found on Avenida Central (the main street in Panama) showed that ninety-seven per cent were immoral. All of which, according to a letter over the signature of the Governor of Panama in this morning's paper, was published in the Congressional Record in all its brutal untruth. I sent the paper with a letter to Mr. John Barrett asking him

to do his best to let the people of America know that General Blatchford's statement was both false and silly. Just at this time, and I fear for some time to come, an American could not sell gold dollars for fifty cents to these people; and if this sort of thing should occur often we who hope to open up the Latin American trade to our country will simply waste our time and money. General Blatchford has been ordered home, and I hope the War Department send him to Wolfville, Ariz. Incidently, it would please me to hear him make a like statement about the ladies of the aforesaid town. Enright and Doc. Peets would see that due respect was paid to the dead out there, but when the news reached Panama there would be no flags at half-mast. I have now been here several days, and have spent much time, both day and night on the street. I found absolutely no serious evidence of lewdness. In fact, compared with upper Broadway, New York, and Market Street, Philadelphia, Avenida Central presented a modest face.

I left the Tivola immediately after dinner last night, and walked to the Plaza Independencia and back. The street was thronged with people of every class, and I walked slowly with eyes open for any irregularity, but the only infraction of the moral law seen throughout the trip was seventeen lottery venders within one short city block, but they did not seem to be spreading calamity very rapidly, for I stood and eyed the bunch for ten full

minutes and did not see a sale made. So I am inclined to think General Blatchford sees things within rather than without, for, verily, "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he," according to Holy writ.

I am tempted to write something about this beautiful place, but the subject has been exhausted by abler pens and I shall limit myself to the statement that Panama, Ancon and Balboa represent perfect cleanliness and order. A party of us drove out to see the ruins of Old Panama and I have never looked upon ruins marking greater desolation. This is perhaps more oppressive because we read that once this same city rivaled Venice in her splendor, and the slave market equalled that of Rome in the days of the Caesars. There is massive masonry everywhere and the old avenues can still be traced, but none of this masonry has definite form except the square tower of the cathedral. This successfully withstood the destructive onslaught of Morgan's men and the centuries have not loosened a brick since that event. It was here Pizarro made his vows to the Virgin on his way to conquer Peru and Morgan outraged the bishop by stealing his sword of state, leaving in its place his battered blood-stained weapon, which was presented to Col. Shanton by the city of Panama as a token of their appreciation of his work during the construction of the canal.

It is difficult to think of old Panama as a one-

time harbor filled with gold ladened galleons, for today it presents a scene of utter desolation with not even a bark canoe to disturb its surface. The only visible sign of life was a lone pelican, and he was winging his way up coast making all speed that could be gotten out of his lumbering flight.

I returned to my hotel with a sense of mental depression difficult to explain unless it was that death still broods over the lonely place where such awful deeds were done.

A perfect deluge of rain almost flooded the place when we left Panama for Colon, and a less attractive fifty miles of railroad does not exist on earth. The entire distance is one stretch of desolation which culminates in the utter ghastlinesss of Gatun Lake. Here trees were left standing when the back waters covered the land. They are now ghostly white surrounded by black waters, in which one would expect to find all the vile things which inhabit the deep. The trip was bad enough when made in a well-equipped railroad coach, but fancy having to plod through the red clay mire with poisonous snakes underfoot and disease-infested mosquitoes all about as the forty-niners did. Or go back to the old gold road days when guarded pack trains started on their perilous journey from Panama to Nombre de Dios. These caravans were beset by all these evil forces of nature with a band of murderous Indians or still more blood-thirsty pirates thrown in as a side issue. Surely nothing

short of this lure of gold could ever induce men to face such suffering and danger. Treves speaks of this famous gold road as follows:

"It was a precious burden these mule trains bore. It was the harvest of robbery and murder, the sheaves reaped by treachery and torture, a devil's crop. Every grain of gold came from a crucible whose furnace was fed with human lives. Every load bore some contribution from wretches who had been either worked to death or beaten to death. It was an argosy of cruelty and greed. Costly as it was, none seem to have been made the richer by all the wealth that came by this pitiless way."

Thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Grubbs, a dispatcher in the office of the captain of the port, I was able to visit the Gatun locks under most favorable conditions. He called for me at the hotel, and I had dinner at his home where I met his charming wife and kiddie. We returned to the hotel at two o'clock where we were joined by Mr. Barnum, chief engineer of the Carib Syndicate. The port captain's launch was at our disposal and we were soon plowing our way through the water of the lower bay, reaching the canal entrance in twenty-five minutes. Overhead, seaplanes were circling and sailing, and making my heart sick with a desire to be in one of them. Mr. Grubbs, being one of the force, insured every courtesy from the lock officials, and the workings of the mighty elevator were shown and explained

in detail. First we walked for nearly a mile through a tunnel running the full length of the locks, and were permitted to see the mechanism of the system. There were enormous pistons controlling the machinery, and baffle chains with links strong enough to almost lift a ship. Giant valves, monster geared wheels and ponderous arms of steel which opened and shut the still more ponderous gates. Seen in detail, it represents one of the greatest engineering feats of the age. However elaborate the description might be it would fail to convey an idea of its immensity. Leaving the tunnel we climbed the winding stairway to the upper room in the lock house. There we saw, in miniature, all we had seen below. In fact the entire system is there in minute detail. A ship was passing through at the time, and we watched the operator move an insignificant little brass handle. The tiny gates in the model began to slowly shut. When the joint was tight another handle was shifted and we could hear the rush of waters passing out, and see it fall, carrying the ship to the level below. Again the baby gates slōwly opened and the ship was taken in tow by electric motors and carried into the second lock. Once more the gates close, again the rush of waters is heard, and the third drop carries the ship to sea level. The lake level is eighty-five feet above, but small vessels are let down or carried up in thirty seven minutes. Large ships are handled in an hour.

We watched four ships pass through and then walked over to the "spillway." Here we were able, in a measure, to mentally grasp the magnitude of the work. The actual dam is nearly two miles long, and eighty-five feet high. The fourteen-gate spillway is about half way between the canal and hillside, at the far end. The hydro-electric plant is located in the gorge below the spillway developing 13,500 H. P. Concrete bases for two more 4500 H. P. dynamos are about complete. When these are installed they can meet the demand for light and power for years to come. I looked longingly at the sweep of concrete, with the steel and concrete bafflers at the base. The lock superintendent told me the water was extremely low in the lake, and he did not think I could get a gate opened, but I assumed a pathetic expression, and, in a voice equally pathetic, expressed my regret that I could not see the results of an overflow. Evidently the engineer was a good Indian and had a kind heart, for he excused himself, saying he would call up the hydrographic office and ask permission to open one of the gates. In a few minutes he returned saying, "Get up on top and see the show." We lost no time getting on top, and as we reached the bridge the deluge started. The slope is beautifully curved, and at first it presented an attractive "shoot the chute" proposition with its smooth surface, but as the volume increased and swept down against the great blocks of concrete, then did

all hades break loose. I always thought the whirlpool below Niagara Falls stirred things up a bit, but compared to the turmoil at the Gatun spillway, even with one gate open, Niagara Falls is only a modest ripple that would fade into utter insignificance if all the gates were open. There were times when a seemingly solid column of water was lifted fifty feet and fell with a roar of mighty thunder. If this pyramid could be illuminated with colored lights, it would justify a trip around the world to see. The place was so fascinating we did not start back to Colon until the sun had gone down, and it was 10:30 P. M. before we finished dinner.

Bannon proved to be a regular Richard Harding Davis character and the dinner hour was but little less fascinating than our afternoon had been. He told us briefly of a six-hundred mile mule-back trip across Columbia to the Pacific coast. On this trip he came across a tribe of Indians that had only heard tales of white men, but had never seen one. Bannon is a husky guy, and very presentable, and the result was he nearly lost his freedom and got saddled with forty wives. The interpreter told him the chief was anxious to introduce blue eyes into his tribe, in that he felt sure he could sell the children for at least fifty per cent advance over the ruling market quotations. There were many tragic scenes also. He graphically described the death of one of their men, and their heroic work that kept him alive until they reached the coast, but it was

too late to save him. It seemed like a shame to go to bed when we had such a chap to talk with, but even owls must sleep, so I bade him good-night at one A. M. Tomorrow he starts back to the jungle, and I begin my journey to the land of Inca.

THE PATHWAY OF PIZARRO.

CHAPTER II.

"How are you going down the coast, P. C. or E.," which being translated means; Peruvian, Chilian or English. This was asked on all sides and if English was suggested the fact was made plain that "service on the English ships was simply rank", with statements even more disturbing, if the possibility of using one of the other lines was suggested, so I booked passage on all three, and sought an equation; but reports were so conflicting I finally gave it up, and placed hyself at the mercy of my good friends, the Panama agencies, and they booked me on the Chilian S. S. Aysen. I had learned my lesson, and quit discussing the matter, for had I told people I was sailing on the Chilian ship their hands would have gone up to express horror, and I would have been convinced that roaches four inches long would nightly feast on my silk suit and bath slippers; that fleas the size of June bugs foregathered under the sheets for a nightly campaign, and that scouts stayed with the victims all day in order to locate and report the tender sections to their companions for the night raid. I came on board in fear and trembling, being born with an intuitive hatred for roaches, and with no kindly

regard for fleas. Well, we are two days out, and my suit and slippers are still intact. And if there is a flea on board it is being taken care of on the deck below. There has not been a movement made on this deck to indicate the presence of even a fleaette.

I was put in a cabin with another chap, but we found the purser was anxious to buy a Liberty Bond (Covert said a lottery ticket) and by contributing a pound sterling to that laudable, or otherwise, end, we each got a cabin de luxe. I have never had a better cabin, nor sailed on a cleaner ship. It is true that they are short on linen; both towels and napkins are being "conserved" until it has become painful, but the big cabin, "solo", will more than offset the linen shortage. The limited breakfast bothers me some, for tough toast, chemically compounded jam, with questionable coffee decorated with milk from a tin can does not rank very high in my estimation, but they do have the decency not to call it breakfast; they announce, "early coffee" and let it go at that. At 11 o'clock the bell rings for "almuerzo" and this a Spanish word we quickly learn to reverence, especially if one is an early riser, and the toast is extra tough. This so-called breakfast is really a substantial lunch, consisting of soup, fish, the ever present egg and beans. A beanvine rampant and a hen couchant should be quartered on the Coat of Arms of every Latin American country, for these two products

dominate the food situation. At four o'clock tea is served, and there is a prompt attendance on the call, for dinner is not served until seven. The dinner is an elaboration of lunch, minus the eggs, but usually the beans are in evidence in some form. Fortunately we have no wheezy phonograph to torture us, and, up to the present, no infant prodigy has sung Tipperary. There are only a few Americans on board, but two or three are rather interesting. One lady who tells me her husband is in copper. She is trying to acquire the art of smoking. It is an art, and she may acquire it. Another interesting study is a little old fat man and his bride of perhaps a month, no longer. This is easily determined by the expression in their eyes. Everyone knows the "too good to be true" giving place to an expression indicating mental reservations within this time limit. The bride is partial to rather short dresses, and she has at least two good reasons for wearing them. The first day out she showed a passion for running up and down the stairway on my side of the deck, but there is nothing doing today as the old man is determined not to let bad men see a pretty ankle. He screened her half a dozen times, but, being threatened with apoplexy the lady has taken pity on him and they are both settled in steamer chairs; she carefully covered, although we are near the Equator. Alas! the selfishness of our fellowman.

We also have a little English woman, whose face

is like a wild rose in its sweetness. She tells me her husband fell at the Marne and she is going out to Valparaiso to make another try at marriage. She is carrying the very breath of Old England with her, and is sure to make her loved one both homesick and happy. At my table is a typical German in face and name, but he is careful to inform people he is from Pittsburgh, and has been a citizen of that loyal town for the past twenty years. He seems a decent fellow, but he is surely handicapped, for people at the table utterly ignore him, except Covert, who takes every opportunity to express his personal opinion of Germans. These opinions are more or less picturesque, but absolutely unprintable. What a penalty he and his people will have to pay for their unholy ambition! He may be, and doubtless is, a loyal citizen of the United States, but when he is near me I hear the cry of a stricken world. The "Father forgive them, for they know what they do" has rung down the ages without leaving much of an impression, for we are inclined to spit out curses when nailed to the cross.

Anyone seeking rest could find it here, for the very heart of the ocean beats slowly, and even the ships seem to be half asleep. The Pacific is well named so far as we have seen it. Not only is the sea deadly quiet, but deadly dull; the color being a gun-metal shade instead of the dazzling blue that makes the South Atlantic and Carribean sparkling

sapphires of purest ray, so beautiful at times, it hurts because we cannot crystalize its beauty. There was some hope the sunsets might be brilliant for the clouds have been more or less broken, giving promise, but even the sun seems subdued like the ocean. I have spent some hours hanging over the ship's bow today, but the only sign of life was a lonely flying fish, and he seemed in a hurry to get back home. Late in the afternoon a school of whale sent their fountains aloft, which had we been a whale ship, would have brought the welcome "there she blows" and the hurried getting away of the boats for the kill.

Last night the North Star blinked hazily about four degrees above the horizon, and I bade it goodbye, for I will not see it again until we cross the line north-bound from Brazil. But the Great Bear with splendid Arcturus are high in the heavens, and will keep us company for many days. Four times in my life I have watched this friendly and familiar constellation drop below the horizon, and it is then one feels the remoteness of things and the distance from home. We picked up the Southern Cross, and its brilliant companion Canopus with its flashing radiance of many colors, and these will be our starry companions after we lose Orion and our friends of the northern sky.

We reach our first port of call tomorrow, and hope to get on shore, if only for an hour, for it is along here Pizarro made his first landing nearly

four centuries ago. This morning en route to the bathroom I came across a "Theda Bara" all ready to enact the role of Cleopatra, and, just now, a vision in diaphanous pink stood for a brief moment between me and the boundless sea (I most spelled that word wrong), resulting in a vision of three separate and distinct sections of skyline. Verily the Chinese are wise in constantly referring to their three immortal monkeys, for certainly there are times when temporary blindness would help us maintain the other virtues. It looks very much as if we have a "Vamp" on board, but of course I am immune.

We crossed the equator late last night and the chill winds coming down off the snow-clad peaks of Equador made it feel like an early autumn night in northern New York, rather than an early autumn night at the equator, which it happens to be, because of the reversal of seasons. This has been a heavenly day, with a cool breeze and an almost cloudless sky. The setting sun revealed the new moon, within what seemed but a stone's throw of Venus, and each trying to outshine the other. I had to put on an overcoat for my after-dinner walk tonight, which reminds me that almost the same weather conditions prevailed when we crossed the line off the West Coast of Africa in 1904, but that chill breeze did not come from any snow-clad mountains. We are due at Payta in the morning, but our stay will be brief, for we have lost

nearly a day. At four o'clock this morning we were awakened by the clatter of the anchor chains, and came on deck to see the lights of the town nearby, but it was dark and I went back to bed. Came on deck at seven o'clock to find the ship riding at anchor in an open roadway, with no protection, and I fancy taking on cargo here in rough weather would be a serious task. The "Primrose," Covert and I went on shore, the Captain telling us we must return within the hour. Well, we did the town and had forty minutes to spare. There is a plaza about the size of a back yard in the Bronx. There are two stunted palm trees here, and they are highly prized, being the only green things for thirty miles in three directions with the ocean completing the square. We are told Pizarro first landed at Tumbez. Had he made shore at Payta he would have gone back to Spain and reported having found the rear entrance to hades. An investigation would have confirmed this belief, for complete barrenness covers a range of two thousand miles in length and a depth of from forty to sixty miles, except where small rivers make their way down from the snow-clad mountains, forming small, but extremely fertile, valleys, where the famous long fibre cotton of Peru grows, along with about everything else that comes from the ground. I thought the Arabian coast of the Red Sea was barren, but compared with this it is a garden of roses. We left Payta at 10:30 and ran close to

the shore until we rounded "Pta de Agua," and were soon at anchor off Salaverry. This we found just two shades worse than Payta, for there is not even a mesquite bush to be seen here. The "city" consists of one small iron pier, one oil tank, one goods shed, and two small houses. What an exhilarating time the residents of these houses must have during the long hot summer months! A sand-bank runs back for half a mile, ending at the base of the mountain peak, rising about 2,500 feet above sea. Clouds hung low over the land, but lifted at times showing similar peaks in the distance. We passed to the east of Guanape, one of the great guano islands which in the past were such sources of wealth to Peru, but, being a pawn in the political game, this wealth was rapidly dissipated by granting concessions in order to secure funds for the promotion of the next revolution, which, in those days were monthly episodes. Doubtless many of these upheavals were brought about by foreign concessionaires when their immediate holdings were near exhaustion. Guanape has been the home of millions of sea birds for countless ages, and tonight great flocks passed us, winging their way to their rocky home, and two seals came to the surface close enough to the ship for me to see their big, beautiful eyes. At one o'clock we came in sight of a string of pelican painted islands gleaming snow-white in the sun, whilst back of them could be seen an irregular shadow outlining the

Corderillos, which tower up to five and seven thousand feet along here. All the islands in this vicinity are white with guano deposit, and we saw the depositors later in the afternoon, for when I tell you I saw millions of birds at one time in one unbroken string twelve miles long I mean literally.

As we approached San Lorenzo we could see the cove where Drake used to lie in wait for Spanish galleons coming out from Callao laden with their ill-gotten, blood-stained gold, and many a wild scene of slaughter has been laid in these same waters. The island is absolutely barren and presents the same physical appearance shown by the coast since leaving Payta. The first view one gets of Callao gives one the impression that it is another Venice, not built on solid land, but rising from the sea. We were within one mile before anything that looked like earth appeared. We dropped anchor here, and although the sea was not rough, yet some of the passengers got a ducking because of the wild scramble for trade by the launch people.

The W. R. Grace people took me in charge, getting me through the customs and up to the hotel without any worry or delay. The ride from Callao to Lima is not in the least attractive. Broken adobe walls line the way, and the road is a fright. There were fields of ripening corn and other cultivation I am not familiar with. It is only seven miles from Callao to Lima and we were installed at

the Grand Hotel Maury at six o'clock. Brushing up a bit we went to the Exposition building and enjoyed the best dinner I have had since leaving New York. A fine orchestra entertained, and the "Primrose" and I had a dance between the courses. After dinner we had a car take us for an hour's ride around the moonlit city. I was up early the next morning and attended High Mass in the famous cathedral where Pizarro is buried. The building is impressive in size and architecture, but, as usual, is over-decorated. Gold leaf in profusion, with a liberal supply of pink and blue panneling. The paintings, however, are more artistic and of much higher order than are found in most Central and South American countries. As a rule great crimes are committed in the name of sacred art, and inflicted upon worshippers. The celebration was very elaborate; the officiating priests being in costly robes of red and gold, with eight assistants in purple capes. Eleven acolites were kept busy bearing the sacred properties and swinging censors. These made twenty-two actually engaged in the service and there were but seven worshippers in all that vast edifice. It reminded me of a visit to the Grand Opera in San Juan last month. Othello with thirty-two pieces of music in the orchestra and thirty odd people on the stage, drew a crowd of only twenty-nine persons, all of which indicates rather lukewarm religion and indifference to art

amongst people whom we are taught to believe are highly appreciative of both.

Two very attractive Peruvian cruisers are anchored nearby, and my friend Smith tells me an amusing story in connection with them. Four years ago H. M. S. Lancaster put into this port and fired the usual salute. The Peruvian flagship fired half the prescribed number of guns, then sent over to the Lancaster and borrowed enough powder to complete the salute.

A SENSATIONAL RAILROAD JOURNEY.

CHAPTER III.

I left Lima last Thursday night, conscious of having before me what would be perhaps the most wonderful trip I have ever made, and this proved to be the case, largely through a chain of fortunate circumstances. Mr. Smith had given me letters of introduction to the General Manager and General Superintendent of the Central R. R. Co., of Peru, but, upon presentation, I found the General Manager had left town for a week, and the General Superintendent was up the road. I expressed my regret to Mr. Ottiker, also my disappointment, as I had hoped to ride the hind end going up the mountain; a privilege only granted from headquarters. Mr. Ottiker kindly volunteered to secure this courtesy, and gave me the proper credentials, which, when presented to the conductors, gave me clearly to understand everything would be done to make the trip interesting. Mr. Maller, the representative of the Ingersoll-Rand Co., was with Mr. Ottiker, and joined me, which gave me delightful companionship. We staid at Chosica over night and regret we did not get there earlier, for it has the general appearance, seen in the moonlight, of being an attractive place; so much so indeed that I have de-

Where Pizarro Ruled.

cided to go up next Sunday and look it over, and will likely have something to say about it later. Before we start up the road, let me tell you something about it, quoting from a book gotten out by the Passenger Department. "Of all railroads in the world, the one from Lima to Oroya is the most extraordinary. It is still, after its pictures have served as stock geography illustrations for a generation, probably the most impressive piece of railroad engineering in the world. Built in the days when Peru was rich and reckless, it stands a monument of that time and to that gifted Soldier of Fortune, Henry Meiggs of New York. After a wild career, in which fortunes were made and lost by him in California, he went broke and had to quit the country "pronto;" leaving debts behind him of over a million dollars. Going to Chili he engaged in railroad and bridge building. Although not an engineer, he soon amassed another fortune and came to Peru. Here he floated $29,000,000 in bonds and started to build the Aroyo road in 1869. He did not live to see it finished, but he carried it up the eyebrows of the Andes from the sea coast to the icy galleries of the Cordilleras, and he paid all his debts. The Aroya road is not only the highest in the world, but there is no other that lifts its breathless passengers to any such altitude in so short a time. To climb, as the Aroya climbs, a Hudson River train would have to ascend, half an hour before it reached Albany, a distance one thousand

feet greater than that from sea level to the summit of Pikes Peak, and the ascent is made in less than ten hours." Which, pause to remark, is some "upward flight," and now let me start all over again. The station building and grounds at Lima are very beautiful, and the grounds remind me of the Beaver Falls-New Brigton station on the P. & L. E. R. R., but, of course, the foliage was entirely different, except plots of colias, which brighten up both grounds. Water being available here the trees and flowers are kept free from the burden of dust which simply smothers everything in Lima, and this condition certainly gladdens the eye. Immediately back of the station, beyond the net work of tracks, a great pyramid-like hill rises, probably 800 feet, crowned by a giant cross and wireless outfit, which I understand is very powerful, and ships can be reached far out at sea. It was not yet dark when we left the station and I was permitted to note the fields of cotton ready for picking; fields of corn ready for cutting. A garden spot here and there with onions and tomatoes as well as other familiar vegetables ready for market, and countless patches in odd shapes and large fields of utterly barren land, but all carefully protected by massive adobe walls. What they guard against is beyond me, for not even cacti could be seen. The habitations along the line were mostly adobe huts. A few were somewhat pretentious, but all constructed of adobe, which makes it necessary for the inhabitants to

pray for "no rain." A week's down-pour would be more disastrous to this community than the Baltimore fire was to that city. At Santa Clara, the first town out from Lima, a pusher coupled to us, and we began the ascent of the grade. Night had come on, and I entertained myself with dreaming of the days when the valley of the Rimac grew corn and cotton for the peaceful and happy Inca, who was glad to get a string of gold nuggets to adorn his woman, but a bushel of golden corn was far more important to him, and the white cotton field was more attractive than was the white gleam of silver.

Not seeing its value as the world saw it, he must have been bewildered when he connected it up with the toil, the woe, the death and the general destruction which marked its acquisition. What a pity the greed for gold destroyed a people and a civilization that from best authority could have taught their conquerors a valuable lesson; but their bones now mingle with the dust around Lima and Callao and so get even, in a measure, by half choking the population. At 8:10 in the morning the train pulled into Chosica, and Maller and I settled ourselves on the rear end of the baggage car and began the greatest railroad ride I have ever taken or ever expect to take. The valley narrowed immediately after leaving Chosica, but we still found small plots of ground growing cotton, corn and even tomatoes. Between Lima and Callao corn had ripened and was

ready to harvest, but here it was just coming up. Maller tells me they have roasting ears the year round. The grains are very large and the cob from eight to fourteen inches long. There is considerable bird life all along the line to an altitude of six thousand feet. The ever present blackbird, with his tail on straight, and not cross-wise, as it is on his brothers in Porto Rico and Cuba. There are also any number of fussy little rascals like our swallows. They have the same darting flight and evidently feed on flying insects. As late as 10:30 last night they were flashing about the electric lights in front of the station, and they were just as busy when the train pulled out this A. M. Perhaps they have established an eight hour shift. Be that as it may, it is a pity they cannot inspire the sleepy natives with some of their energy. We passed a small round-house just outside the town of Chosica and the ridge pole was lined with the most disreputable bunch of birds I have ever beheld. They are similar to our buzzards so numerous in the south, but these fellows looked as if they had been on a bat all night. I have never seen a picture of such abject misery. Their heads hung drooping either straight down, or to one side, which was worse. Their wings hung loose, looking as if half the pinions had been pulled out, leaving them ragged and unsightly. Hereafter when I hear the term, "disreputable bird" applied to some poor old

soak I will see an hundred of him on the ridge pole of the Chosica round-house.

Just before reaching San Bartholomew we passed fields of bananas, and after leaving the town we came into the coffee and orange belt. The coffee bushes were in blossom and the orange trees laden with golden fruit. Ten minutes later, swinging around an abrupt shoulder of the mountain, we found ourselves in the midst of millions of pink, blue and white morning glories in full bloom. Seeing them was like a love letter from home, so sweet and familiar were their dear faces, although they seemed out of place in the neighborhood with tropical fruits and plants. A trail goes over the mountain at San Bartholomew; in steps at places, and at times going for a mile or more along the face of a precipice. The Seventh Day Adventists left us here to take the trip over the mountain, and I certainly envied them. This sect is very active here and I am told they are doing good work in teaching the Indians how to keep clean and healthy, as well as how to worship. I have always felt the two are inseparable, and the Seventh Day Adventists should do a good work here. I have met four of this sect since coming to Peru, and was most favorably impressed in each case.

Thirty minutes after leaving San Bartholomew we looked immediately down on it seven hundred feet below, and from here we got a good view of the trail on the opposite mountain. Three donkeys

or llamas were toiling up, but they looked like ants crawling up the Woolworth building, so I could not tell if they honked or bleated. We soon began to run into tunnels at short intervals; there being sixty-eight of them on the road. Some were rather lengthy and got mighty thick at times, making the sunlight and pure air very welcome. By this time we had bidden good-bye to everything that looked like a valley and were looking down on the rushing waters of the Rimac, cutting its wedge between the towering walls to which we seemed to cling by our eyebrows. Here began the famous terraces, built by the Incas, reaching, at places, to the very top of the mountain. Many of those lower down are green with alfafa and very productive, being watered by the aqueducts cut thousands of years ago by the former inhabitants. This, by the way, is the original "perpendicular farm" for, although terraced, the cultivated land is seemingly straight up and down. I would like to see a harvest hand at work, and bet a dollar he has a rope tied to his leg, with the other end attached to a well-anchored boulder, for one slip, and he would be like the religious painter who slid off the barn roof. It would be "Oh Lord have mercy on me, and now for a hell of a bump."

The train stopped at Matucana for lunch, and a good one it was. Price seventy-five cents, and the same thing in Pittsburgh would have cost two dollars, and only a millionaire would dare to order

anything like it in Lima. It was altogether too good, and I ate too much, paying the penalty later, as you will learn. Our next important stop was at San Mateo, 10,000 feet above sea. There was a fiesta in progress at the time, with music and daylight firworks. The fireworks came first, and I was wondering if I had gotten into an incipient revolution, as this is the season for these events, being around election time, but the band began to play after the fulsilade and I knew we were all right. Inquiry of the brakeman disclosed the fact that this town has a curious yearly celebration. There are two trails going over the mountains from the town, and, as always along these trails in Peru, wherever a convenient spot occurs, a shrine is erected, consisting of a cross and figure of the Christ, and sometimes the cross alone. This is a source of considerable revenue to the church as there is an alms box attached to each into which every llama driver who stops to offer a prayer drops a penny, and collections are made regularly. Now, whether as a reward for work well done, or for the purpose of renewing their efficiency the brakeman could not tell me, but anyhow all the crosses in the parish are brought down to the church, blessed, decorated with flowers, carried in parade through the town, and back to their original places, prepared to keep lonely vigil and offer consolation to the passers-by for another year. The celebration lasts from the second to the fifteenth of

May, by which time all the crosses have had all due attention. Immediately above the town is the main shrine, consisting of a cross that must stand twenty feet, for it is very distinct, although a half-mile nearer heaven than the town. My informant told me it was a week's job for a small army of men to fix up that one alone, but others required much less time.

Just after leaving San Mateo we passed an Indian sheep herder, and I would have given ten dollars for a picture as I saw it. He was perched upon a boulder, and had I not been observant I would not have seen him, for rock, face, hands, feet and poncho were all the same shade of reddish brown, and he was as motionless as the rock upon which he sat. It was at one of the switch-backs, and we were in sight of him for some time, but so far as I could make out, he never batted an eye, and had I not passed within ten feet of him I would doubt the evidence of my senses.

There is much terraced work in the mountains above San Mateo, and we saw fields of wheat 13,000 feet high, and looking at them I recall that Prescott tells us the Incas had a socialistic system that was interesting. All land belonged to the emperor, and when a man married he was given a certain section of hillside for cultivation. Additional ground was handed over to him for each child born, but if cultivation was compulsory I think it must have had a tendency to check the birth

Peruvian "Mules."

rate, for one small section is all I would care to tackle. It must have been a great system, for if the kid died dad lost a quarter section, and if his wife ran away the old man would have to fish for a living, as they would commandeer all his property. We saw the first bunch of llamas at San Mateo, and they were certainly interesting. I was told they could "live on nothing and digest it several times, and can exist without water longer than a camel. That he will cheerfully carry 100 lbs. on his back, but put 101 lbs. on him, and he proceeds to go to bed for the day. The pants could be kicked off him, and he could be cussed in Spanish, the latter being specially effective, in vain. When the extra pound is taken off he will promptly arise and join the ranks." Evidently they know the game, for I can tell you every pound counts when either man or beast is 13,000 feet in the air. We reached Casapalca at 3:30, and I discovered I was very tired. I found Mr. Sheriff, the superintendent of the R. R. there, and presented my letters, telling how I had enjoyed the rear end ride, and asked for permission to return that way. He said he would do better than that. "If you have the nerve I will send you down the mountain on a gravity car when you are ready to go." I assured him nerves and I had never become well acquainted and tried to thank him for this wonderful opportunity. We walked slowly, very slowly up to the General Manager's home, Mr. Maller introduced me to the

General Superintendent, Mr. Mott, and he extended every courtesy to me. In due time we enjoyed a good dinner and adjourned to the comfortable living room, where, in front of a cheerful fire and in restful chairs, we spun yarns and talked of far away New York. I think all of us wished we could be at the Palais Royal for the evening. About 9.30 we went to bed, and at 10:30 I realized I had "soroche." I have had about every known ailment from sea-sickness to sore thumb but I never knew the real significance of the term headache until that fool thing hit me. Soroche is Spanish for mountain sickness, and I think it is a combination of the American word "sore" oh, gee! If so, it is well and properly named. I never spent such a miserable night before in all my lifetime.

The law of compensation holds good, for although my night in the moutains was a holy terror, my return down the mountain cannot be described. No one could adequately convey even a remote picture of the experience, but I will try to tell something about it. I had planned to ride over the 16,000 foot pass on horseback with Mr. Maller on Sunday to visit Mr. Campbell at Morococho; go on from there by rail and come down from Tichlo on the hand car. It was an alluring prospect, but I was down and out Saturday morning, and Mr. Mott sent the company doctor to see me. He gave me some dope to act as a "heart brake", as it was still racing madly, and, for the time being I had lost all interest

in everything pertaining to hills higher than the South Side Incline, and I would have viewed that with lack-lustre gaze. He then put the stethoscope on my heart and told me to get down off the mountain at once or I would be laid up for a spell, and perhaps have serious results. So I bade good-bye to my contemplated exploring expedition and slowly strolled down to the station, assisted by my good friends Mott and Maller. I told Mr. Mott how sorry I was to miss the promised ride down the mountain in the gravity car, and he said "I think I can fix that up for you," so he left me to return in a few minutes with permission for me to go down ahead of the passenger train as far as Matucana, which covers the most picturesque part of the line. The news instantly brought about recovery so far as the headache was concerned, but I knew my heart-beats increased for very gladness. A hasty good-bye was said, for it was a case of hustle, as the passenger train was about due, and I did not want to have any dispute with it as to the right of way. I found myself making a very careful mental estimation of the engineer, for I had a vivid picture in my mind of the journey before me, and felt the need of a man thoroughly dependable in the first place, and one who had not had a drink of anything stronger than coffee for at least one month. He was a husky Indian, and passed inspection, measuring up to my requirement very nicely, and in another moment I had resigned myself to com-

plete self-effacement. In all my life I have never felt so utterly insignificant as when that car gathered speed and went slithering down the face of that mighty hill. For the first mile or two we had a good broad foundation under us, and then we swept around a spur, coming onto a ledge where I could look almost straight down 2,000 feet below to the Power Plant driven by a tunnelled stream. Brakes were tightened when trails crossed the railroad tracks, but we would pass by a group of llamas, some loaded, others without the pack, and all carrying their head about like Brown Potter when she came on the stage as "Cleopatra" with her minions about her. They are positively stuck-up in their bearing, and no doubt feel themselves the aristocrats of the mountains. When I had settled down to free breathing and able to see things interestedly I noted the contrast of these mountains to all others I had ever been on. There are no "riven sides" to be seen here, for, while they have heavy rains, they seldom last long enough to cut the face of the mountain, and where a gorge does appear, there is always a permanent stream to account for it, but the vast area is smooth except where the terraces have been built, or water-way cut. It was a kaleidoscopic proposition. A long sweep down with constant change of scene; a loop the loop curve, getting back where we started from, but one or two hundred feet below. Then we would come to a place where no loop was possible, and we would

Real Mountains.

switch back to the lower level. Into tunnels, over bridges, around more curves, finally flashing out of a tunnel immediately onto what seemed a mighty insecure bridge, where I caught a glimpse of the awful depths below. Instantly we plunged into another hole in the wall, and out of it like the proverbial "bat out of hades." The simile is perfectly proper, for the place is called "Infiernillo" (little hell), and we were justified in hurrying along, but had we left the track just then our next stop would have been square in the middle of the moon; the nearby mountain serving to richochet us into the proper course upward. And so we came on past rushing waterfalls, great spillways at the power plants, villages a mile below one minute and on our way through them a few minutes later; every minute a thrill that could come but once in a lifetime elsewhere. Every moment a breathless one until we ran into the town of Matucana. That was as far as the gravity car could take me, and I thought my sensational ride had ended, but it had only gotten well under way. In a few minutes after arriving at Matucana the passenger train which we had preceeded, came in, and just as I was about to enter the coach Mr. Sheriff touched me on the shoulder, and said, "Have you any nerve energy left? If so, come ride the rest of the way on the front end." I was glad to accept this great courtesy and in a few minutes we were rocking down the way on the locomotive, and it was as wild a ride

as on the hand car, for we thundered down the mountain at from twelve to fourteen miles per hour, which, at times, seemed altogether too speedy, especially when we approached what seemed the jumping off place, en route to eternity, or skimming across a cobwebby bridge from which we could catch a fleeting glimpse of a village 2,000 feet below. It is useless, for me at least, to try to convey my impressions through mere words; for, so far as I know, the necessary words have never been coined, but I can express my appreciation of the courtesy extended by Mr. Ottiker, Mr. Sheriff and the employees of the road, and the many favors at the hands of Mr. Mott, superintendent of the Casapalca smelter. These people have placed me under obligations I can never repay, but it has made me more determined than ever to carry out the rotary principle, and I will enjoy serving someone else, even as these splendid fellows seemed to enjoy rendering me service.

By the time I reached Lima all thought of the physical distress I had suffered was forgotten. I was ravenously hungry and felt like a two-year old. The bed was very comfortable, pillow and all, which calls for further light. In South Africa the natives cut out a block of wood to fit the neck and back of the head. Well, the people here do not take the trouble to notch the log, but put it (sometimes it is round and sometimes square) into a pillow case, and let it go at that. The weary pil-

grim seeking rest can drop it back of the bed and swear or try to sleep on it, and swear harder. But last night I slept on the pillow and found it comfortable.

A SUNDAY IN LIMA.

CHAPTER IV.

Lima is the only South American city where the noble (?) sport of bull fighting is indulged in, as Sunday is the day for this event I made inquiry as to the time and place, but the hotel clerk in answer to my inquiry if there was a bull fight on today said: "Si senor, pero political solemente." Being fed up on political bull fights at home just at this time I asked him to direct me to the English church. The direction given was followed carefully, but the church seemed elusive, and my best Spanish, coupled with the latest development of the sign language, failed to help me out, so the morning was spent at the Phoenix Club, reading the latest edition of the New York Times and London Opinion of even greater antiquity. One is well out of touch with things down here, and an edition of today would bring a fancy price. After lunch inquiry was made as to how to reach the race track. The direction given was not nearly so explicit as the church chart, but the grand stand was reached promptly, but not without some trouble. Every taxi in town had been commandeered, and the only thing left at the public square was one of the teams that helped hauled the mourners when

Pizarro was buried. It was one of the most venerable outfits not tagged in a museum. Had the distance been one mile further there would have been a collapse. The black pirate in charge looked like a good natured negro from around Petersburg, and knowing the cab rates I made no bargain. Alas for appearances. When I had carefully gotten out, so as not to shake things over much, and handed him the dollar fare and twenty-five cents tip for the sake of "Ole Virginny" he put up a howl for two dollars. Not knowing what it might cost to kill a coon in Lima he escaped this time, but some fellow will come along who will not count the cost, and that rogue will join Pizarro in the realms of outer darkness, for they belong to the same class, if history is correct. There was only a fair crowd in attendance, and very few women. Both men and women were dressed somberly, as is the custom down here. The day was hot but my flannel suit was the only one on the grounds, and was really conspicuous in that nothing brighter than Quaker gray was in evidence, and but few went even that far in color.

There are two grand stands overlooking the track; one for the "Caballeros" and one for the "other fellows." There were also two bands of music, but neither of them would figure very high in musical circles; the jazz fever being epidemic here as elswhere. It was just the every day crowd seen on the streets of the city, and a total absence

of the race horse type we are so familiar with in the States. There were touts, of course, but they were far less annoying than our breed. The second race was on, but the horses ran sluggishly and there was no enthusiasm. The third race had No. 13 on the card, and being partial to this number I wagered ten pesos on the brute. He was an "also ran," and this ended my betting, having in mind a trip to Pimlico many years ago when a bicycle was all that saved a long, but not lonely walk, as was demonstrated by the number who were thanking their stars they came on wheels, and found no place where they could be hypothecated at the track.

Hull of San Juan gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Hill, manager of the Mercantile Bank of America. He and his assistant came in after the second race. Graham was swearing in a moderate way because he had just been relieved of his wallet containing seven pounds, and his Masonic pin. This being a "non-Masonic" community lessens his chance for recovery. Should the thief be conscience stricken and seek the confessional showing the "square and compass" the padre would be sure to say, "Bless you my son; you deserve a reward for robbing a heretic. You may keep the emblem and I will give you a clean bill of health when you bring me the seven pounds." Lima has a bad reputation along this line, for one is constantly being warned of pickpockts, and doubtless it was well I left my watch and most of my money at the hotel, for I

mingled with the crowd freely at the race track, and might be looking around for an Ingersol tomorrow. The distance not being great, and wishing to avoid further discussion with the licensed burglars, I decided to walk back to the hotel after the races. The journey was most interesting. Passing the open door of one of the houses just outside the race track I was vigorouly winked at by one of the inmates. Somehow "I ha' me doots" about that lady, and think she sized me up as a lonely man far from home. She, of course, expressed her willingness to help me forget in case I had been a winner at the races. But after all it may have been a friendly greeting.

The plaza back of the Medical College would be very beautiful if only a good rain would come and wash the dust of ages from the plants, trees and flowers. Even the fountain is dust-laden, and Old Neptune looks uncomfortable in his mantle of dirt. He has his spear, but he would gladly exchange it for a broom, if free to use it without smothering the passers by. The basin is half full of a green slime, and the very latest thing in mosquitoes is being prolifically produced therein. They were particularly ferocious, so my study of the artistic features of the fountain was brief. The entire journey back to the hotel was dusty beyond description, but the ladies were hanging out the second story windows along the main streets, very like in everything but personal appearance to what one

would see down in South Baltimore when the ladies exchanged views as to whether Tim Logan would come home drunk again Saturday night. These women are wonderfully beautiful, and anyone who could walk the length of Calle Espaderos on a Sunday afternoon and not get a kink in his neck has either passed the age limit, or his eye-sight is at fault. By the way I find myself suffering from a bad kink, and am duly thankful. The walk reminded me of my visit to Pretoria some years ago. There was the same swirling dust storm, and it drove me straight to the Phoenix Club and a hurry call for something to clear my throat. I thought of poor old Werker and his "Herr Lanning, I dink ve vill trink dis slowly," when the waiter soaked him one dollar for a bottle of beer. The interesting features of the day did not end at the club, for, later an episode in the dining room furnished much amusement. A big, fat German sat at the table near me. He was a German all right, for he got outside of two quarts of beer during the meal. Well, he ordered fried chicken, or at least tried to, and the waiter brought what looked very like a soft shelled crab. It certainly was no part of a chicken, and he sent it back with more or less profane spluttering. The waiter brought chicken the next time, and when he set it on the table he made a sign over it very much like the priest makes over the sacred relics. That waiter invoked no blessing, but was thinking what Bilque used to

emphatically express when I would order roast beef on Friday, whilst he had to be satisfied with finnan haddie or pickled herrings. His plea that it might choke me was sincere though friendly, but the waiter's wish was sincere without being friendly. Evidently the incident flustered the waiter, for I ordered chicken milanesa with potatoes, but his interpretation of "Pollo milanesa con papas" resulted in a thing that resembled a kidney plaster more than any other one thing. It even bulged out big at both ends, and would have passed for one of Johnson & Johnson's latest and best. Being somewhat intimidated by that mysterious sign, I made no protest and had a try at it, but am more than ever convinced it was intended for the outside of the back instead of the inside of the stomach. However, there has been no ill effects, but who knows what would have been the result had the hoo-doo gone with it.

The country is seething in a political campaign, as the presidential election will be held next Sunday. There were several club parades this afternoon, with grinning darkies carrying banners, and scrub hands making noises of more or less atrocity. One of the national flag bearers evidently got "het up" during the march, and just as he passed me he gathered a handful of the sacred folds and mopped his face. It is tragic to even think what would happen to Mose if that stunt was pulled off during a Rotary parade on Fifth avenue. The

Socialist party has imported one whom they are advertising as "El brilanti Tribuno de Argentine" which means, so far as I can make it out, a blooming Bolshivic from Buenos Aires, but he does not seem to fit the roll in the least. When the "English Primrose" and I were at the desk Monday night, this duck passed and repassed, twirling his carefully trimmed mustache, at the same time getting his head entirely reversed each turn. It is most fortunate no ink well was available or bricks lying around. It would have been imminently satisfactory to mar his beauty somewhat. He is much more like unto the hero in a cheap opera than "Un Tribuno." He presents a beautifully trimmed mop of black hair, the aforementioned mustache, a decidely handsome face with "melting eyes," which literally say "how can you resist me" when he sees a pretty girl looking his way. In the presence of men he assumes the air of a superior mortal, and these people fall for it. He was the guest of the Jockey Club this afternoon, and came in wearing a Judge McKenna hat tilted at just the right angle to emphasize his romantic beauty. Gray silk gloves completed his glass of fashion attire, and no doubt we were supposed to see in him a living illustration of what socialism will do for the world. Portions of the Littany came in handy just here. There is a banquest at the hotel in his honor tonight, and I joined the crowd in the doorway to hear his speech. His voice was musical as the zephyrs of Samarkand, and W. J. B. never pleaded for free

silver with finer inflection. He told us socialism was not a "dijo" to tie about man's neck, but a principle that will establish a "generoso Utopia" which would intensify the patriotism of the citizens of this glorious republic, and make possible social justice. Then with a graceful emphasis he announced that Germany had transplanted whole cities from Belgium, but the autocrats of this country sought to establish a far greater slavery here. The curious feature is that all during the speech, waiters in "attendant-on-royalty red coats" with white knee breeches, were pouring champagne, just as the wicked do when they foregather. As before remarked, I cannot make the fellow fit into his general scheme. When he resumed his seat "amidst great applause" as announced in the morning papers, I left the crowded doorway for a walk which extended to the great hill back of the railroad station, where I was able to look down over the sleeping city. A full moon was shining, and a sight of her world-old radiance carried me back over the centuries. Perhaps on just such a night the captive Inca saw this same glorious moon through his barred window, and sent out a prayer to his god that he might escape the fate in store for him. Perhaps near-by a dark skinned princess sat at her window and, by the light of this same moon, knotted her love letter to drop into the waiting hands below, there to be read and found as tender as the scented missive the Romeo of today finds in his morning mail.

THE CITY OF THE KINGS.

CHAPTER V.

The morning papers have big headlines telling us an "Americano del Norte" has reached the Azores in a flying machine, and we pilgrims from the States feel quite jubilant over the event. "Don Pepe" had celebrated with nine scotch and sodas before he got his coffee. There is excitement in the air on all sides, for the presidential election began yesterday and I was warned to keep under cover from six P. M. Saturday to Tuesday morning, or take to the tall timbers. There not being any tall timbers within thirty miles, I accepted an invitation to inspect the line of the Liman and Lurin Valley R. R., and visit the ruins of Pachacamac. Ottiker was host, and the party consisted of Moser, the American Steel Product Co. representative, Luxmore and Narin of the Bachus & Johnson Co., "Don Pepe" of the Rice, Stix Co., of St. Louis, and myself. I may remark in passing that it was what could be safely called a "bunch." We left town fully equipped for the picnic, having all the accessories. Shortly after leaving the station we passed between banks of filth piled thirty feet high on each side of the track. It is the accumulation of centuries and is a feeding place for hundred of disreputable looking vultures.

Taking it altogether, it was one of the most abominable sights I have ever looked upon. This certainly explodes the germ theory, for the germ theory and the city of Lima could not exist at the same time and place. Our first stop was at the Arsenal, and it is a picuresque building. We caught a brief glimpse of soldiers on dress parade, and heard martial music as we pulled out; this time between high mud walls surrounding cotton fields and corn fields. One specially high and well made wall enclosed tons of river bed stones, and broken rock. I cannot figure out why this rock pile was so carefully guarded.

We were soon beyond the irrigated area and crossing a barren desert. The wind had "marcelled" the surface of the sand, and the effect was beautiful. Back to the foot-hills we were approaching stretched miles upon miles of this decorated sand, with a frame of ochre colored mountains on three sides; some casting dark shadows on the yellow sands, and others cloud-capped. It would have made a stage setting for the "Garden of Allah" by introducing a camel or two. We soon began to wind around the foot-hills and through the cuts, in our ascent, until we were permitted to look down on the beautiful valley of Lurin. From the edge of the sand (and this margin was as clearly defined as if walled) on to the sea was an area of richest vegetation. We saw veritable cotton trees, the stalks being in some cases fully ten feet high, and

this produces the finest cotton grown in the world. We looked out over corn fields, banana plantations and orange groves in luxuriant fruit and foliage, with strange trees and stranger flowers everywhere. It was a remarkable picture. Back of us the cloud-capped mountains, around us the barren sands, before us the vivid green valley and beyond this the blue waters of the Pacific, out of which arose numerous high cone-shaped islands, made snow-white by guano deposits, and over it all a sky as blue as ever bent over Naples in June. I will not soon forget it. Swinging around a mile loop we passed beyond the first chain of foot-hills and began to descend a sharp grade. Along this section there were at least fifty beautiful trees known as the Huarango, and it is said they will thrive where cacti would die for lack of moisture. This seems strange in view of the fact that cacti is commonly supposed to be the shrubbery used to adorn the "sunken gardens around the gateway to hades." Later we cross an area covered with a growth similar to the Karoo bush of South Africa. I remember going out on the veldt, after they had had their first rain in two years, and the Karoo bush had taken on the same shade of brilliant green shown by this plant. Ottiker had written the station agent to have burros at our stopping place, but, although the letter was mailed three days before, it was handed to the agent as he boarded the train at Lima to go out with us. This, of course, put us in for a dusty walk, but two

of us had already "trod the hot sands of the desert," so we naturally did not mind it. There was one burro at the station, homeward bound with a mountain of firewood piled on his back. Moser took a running jump in an effort to mount the pile, but only succeeded in spilling things; the donkey and he finally emerging from the tangled wreck. The boy driver seemed to get peevish over the affair, but when Moser slipped him a peso his spluttering "carambas" gave place to many "gracias". It then dawned on some of the bright intellects of the party to commandeer the outfit and put the donkey boy in charge of the commissary department. He balked at first, but we issued an insurance policy on his woodpile and showed him the neck of a beer bottle. After that it was only a question of price, which we soon arranged. We urged Moser to hold on to the rope along with the boy, which he did until confidence was established. I find, after all, there is a use for everything. I had been wondering why these endless walls had been built. Today I found out. The road from the station to the ruins of Pachacamac is walled on each side; the walls ranging from three to five feet in height, and perhaps one foot across the top. When one remembers the very last rain occurred here just after the first sea-going vessel was launched by old Noah, and that as soon as the road dried the people began to travel it, they can readily see there is some dust likely to exist. This wall made

a very good pathway for us and we stuck to it faithfully. We had to wait until the donkey got on ahead lest the dust he and his driver kicked up smother us. But even the dust has its economic value, as the following episode will prove. Walking the wall, Indian file, we came to a place where it was fully six feet high, and here we found a peon. He was thoroughly soaked and beautifully poised, whom his friends had evidently hung out to dry, blocking the way. We could easily have stepped across him, but each of us declared we were superstitious. Prods with walking sticks with more or less lurid conversational accompaniment failed to make the least impression. Soon Don Pepe helped him down. The two feet of dust into which he fell is all that saved him from being busted. He awoke sufficiently to start swearing, and he seemed to be only fully awakening to the full possibilities along this line of mental effort two hours later when we returned. We decided it was because no friendly hand had helped him back on the wall. Two of us volunteered this service to him, but it only brought forth a line of comments that would have made the father of swearing regret he had ever started such a game.

We found the ruins of Pachacamac very extensive and intensely interesting. Immense mounds that were evidently community houses, and the walls of the Temple of the Sun. Surrounding the ruins on three sides the great wall fortifications

are easily traced. Ottiker and I dug around the base of the comumnity house and unearthed a skull on which the hair was yet clinging in places. All about were pieces of broken pottery, human bones, and the cotton fabric the bodies were wrapped in for burial. I picked up a piece of the cloth, a section of water jar, and the skull, intending to bring them home with me, but when we overtook Moser he urged me to discard them at once; he assured me the handling of these things was extremely dangerous. The place is gruesome with its crumbling walls and ghastly skulls, and utter loneliness, for there is no habitation nearby. But, at one time, it had doubless been a place of wonderful beauty, for it was situated on a prominent hill overlooking the sea, with what had been a fertile valley, and well cultivated, for a stream of life-giving water runs through it. We camped by this stream for lunch; all jolly well hungry, as Don Pepe put it, and we were soon busy with eggs, tongue, biscuit and beer. We gathered the fragments, and, after filling our donkey boy with same, we started on our return trip. Back along the dusty roads, this time with Moser on the mule, and the rest of us trailing along on top of the wall to the point of original departure. Finding it was two hours until train time, we decided to walk to the town, and were well repaid, hot and dusty though it was. Lurin is a typical Cholo Pueblo. Making our way past a towering wall we came to the plaza. This was a

bare plot of ground with not even a blade of grass to be seen in the way of growth. Low wattle adobe huts surround the plaza, and these are either flat roofed or roofless as the owner elects, it not making much difference either way, except the advantage the roofless gives in way of light and air, for it never rains here. The buildings are guiltless of flooring other than the packed earth, and, so far as I could see, almost devoid of furniture. Small and wretched as the town is there is nevertheless a big church facing the plaza. It was built in 1798, and being of adobe also, it has begun to crumble badly in places. Perhaps a thousand years hence some visitors from Mars will be pawing around and wondering what sort of people lived here and worshipped the hideous image found in the ruins of their temple.

There was an elaborate beer garden nearby the church, and it was doing a thriving business. Games were being played, and we watched a bowling match for some time. We met the village school marm as we left the beer garden, and were invited to visit the school house. It was a pitiful outfit. Rude desks and benches, cut and scratched just as our country desks and stools were in the old days, showing that boys are the same destructive animals the wide world over. The desks were arranged on each side of the wall, to the right for the boys, and to the left for girls. The teacher's desk at one end, and an old-time square piano at the other. I think

it was Knabe's original sample. Moser sat down and began to play "Nobody knows how dry I am" which, by the way, would make an excellent national anthem for that country. We all joined in, and the schoolmistress must have comprehended the burden of our song, for when it ended she immediately invited us to her apartment back of the school room, and opened beer for the crowd. In the meantime Ottiker and I became rivals for her favor, each trying to outdo the other in making love to her. He was a generous rival, for he would help me out when I would get stalled. I think my heroic struggle with the language must have excited her pity, for she gave me her hand in token of surrender, and I immediately swore allegiance to her beauty.

Voting booths were erected on three sides of the square, and I think Don Pepe tried to stuff the ballot box at one of them. We evidently made a hit with the teacher, for we found her at the station to bid us good-bye. With her was one of the very prettiest little cholas I have ever seen. I am sorry to say we immediately forgot our first love, and all that saved us from serious complications was the warning call of the locomotive whistle, urging us to get aboard. But it was a fickle crowd, for Ottiker was wig-wagging to another pretty little chola in less than half an hour. During the day we had sampled some queer native products. There were pacaes, a giant bean like our sweet-bean of the States only the seeds have more and better pulp

around them. Granadillos, which are first cousin to the pomegranate, but a much finer fruit. We finally drank some native concoction called "Chicha." (I was cautioned to be careful in spelling this word.) In the old days the decrepit old women of the tribe who were unable to do any other work were detailed to "chew" sugar cane, making a pulp. After filling a pot with this mash they added water and let it ferment. It was then drawn off and bottled for use. I had to be convinced this practice no longer prevailed before they induced me to try it. The stuff is not unpleasant to the taste, but if it was the drink at issue in the U. S. there would be no need of a fight over prohibition. And so we came back over the velvety sands, past the "Valley of Delight" whilst the setting sun shed a golden splendor over all the wonderful scene. The beauty of it will stay with me for many days, and I think it will be chiefly because of the awful contrasts. I had seen wretched habitations occupied by the charcoal burners in the mountains of Porto Rico, and some rather modest houses along the Zambesi in South Africa and back of the town of Zanzibar, but these places were almost palatial compared with the shacks I saw along the railroad to Lurin. Nor will I ever forget the station agent's home at Lurin. Any self-respecting pig would have grunted a vigorous protest had he been penned in such a place, and yet he showed it to me with seeming pride.

The Peruvian corporation, which operates the Central R. R. of Peru, took over this road eighteen months ago, and are operating it successfully. It had been built and run by the government, and had shown a loss of $250.00 per month since its construction. These figures were reversed the first month and the road now returns a revenue of two thousand dollars per month to the government, less fifteen per cent to the corporation. The road and rolling stock are in first-class condition, all of which would indicate that government ownership and operation does not work any better down there than it has at home, so far as a profit is concerned. As stated, the road is in first-class condition, but there is room for terminal improvements, as shown by the station agent's quarters. When we reached the city last night we found it under martial law, with troop of cavalry patrolling the streets, and the approach to the plaza blocked on all sides by almost solid lines of soldiers. We assumed an air of great importance, and literally pushed our way past the troops, stopping at the Union Club on our way to the hotel. We did not think it worth while to risk going to the Exposition where we usually dine, for shots were being exchanged, and the patrol was evidently on the job, as we could hear it clattering by as we sat at dinner behind heavy storm shutters. I expected to see a list of casualties in the morning paper, but if anyone got hurt no mention was made of it. It was considered some-

what risky to kite around much today, but I had been told about the attractive trip to Chorrillos, and as Smith was willing to take chances we boarded the train at 1:30 for the excursion. Just here let me say I have seldom seen better service than is given by the Lima Street Car Line, and the rolling stock in the suburban service is not only well eqiupped but the cars make good speed. We followed the coast line south, crossing a fertile valley and passing through two beautiful little towns. Milleflores and Barranco are resident sections of Lima, and are extremely attractive. There are splendid shade trees, brilliant flower gardens, and beautiful homes in both towns, and Chorrillos is even more attractive because of its location. The coast line makes a deep curve from La Puento, making quite a bay; the beach terminating in a promontory rising perhaps 800 feet. A serpentine pathway is cut in the face of the bluff, leading to the beach, and the trip is well worth while. A stream of water follows the path, and morning glories, taking sustenance from this life-giving source, climb thirty feet in places, making a pleasing contrast to the grim walls that face the ocean with so bold a front.

I have never seen anything more fantastic than is the rock mass at the foot of this promontory. The ceaseless pound of the waters has cut deep indentations, and these are constantly being filled with a snow-white foam. The rocks being inky black, the effect is lovely, and the picture held us silent

for a time. Returning from the beach we climbed to the top of the promontory where we admired the well executed heroic statue of the Virgin. This spot marks the Waterloo of Peru, for on these surrounding hills was fought the losing battle against the Chilians. The hillside is covered with statues and shrines erected to about every saint on the calender, but whether they are to invoke strength to renew the fight, or patience to bear defeat, I cannot tell. We stopped for a moment to watch the progress of a crap game between three little cholos. They were shooting for tin beer caps, and one little rascal must have worked loaded dice on the others, for he had a pile of winnings a foot high. When we got back to the city we found cavalry and infantry stationed everywhere, and all business places closed tight. There was not even a light in front of the moving picture palaces, and the booze houses looked as if they were hermetically sealed. Shortly after we arrived in town the trains stopped running and by eight o'clock the streets were absolutely deserted, save for one newsboy whom I heard calling an extra giving the results of the election, but trade was not brisk, for there was no one to buy. The winning party did not let a "cheep" be heard from them, for I suppose one "viva la nuevo presidente" would have started a revolution. So far as I can size up the situation, President Lequia can have his job, for it looks as if he would have to pack an arsenal to hold it successfully. They cap-

tured him some years ago when he was president before and dropped him in a sand-pit, from which he was fortunate enough to be rescued, but they may cover him up the next time, and leave him there.

My visit to Lima has been delightful, and one could not find a better bunch of good fellows on earth. Some people, coming here for a day or two, have written unkindly about the American and English colony and it would be best if there were just a little less hospitality dispensed, for, while the recipients come, accept and pass on, the dispensee remains in constant session, which may ultimately strain the boiler plates a bit. But they are good Indians and certainly gave me a royal time. I leave with regret, and look forward to my return next year, for my connection with the W. R. Grace Company indicates a very successful business in both belting and babbitt metal. I called on the trade with their salesmen, and introduced my line, securing generous sample orders, and I am sure the accounts will be well cared for. Being accredited to Grace & Company made my work very simple, and I will enjoy this great advantage up and down both coasts. So all things point to unqualified success. I found the city crowded with American salesmen with everything from petticoats to patent medicines, and buyers in various houses whom I talked with told me their men were having hard sledding. This was confirmed by the expression seen on some

of the faces at the dinner hour. Whenever I saw a poor sun-of-a-gun with a frown on his face, and a big whiskey and soda alongside, I knew the story and felt sorry. I fear some of our firms in the States are "jumping at conclusions" and are riding for a fall, but I have not been in the field long enough to express an opinion of value. Four months from now I will be better posted and may say something that may be helpful, so I will finish this chapter with a word in general. I got out early this morning and went through the big market house, and it repaid the effort, for it was a strange sight. Evidently they depend on dogs to keep the meat market clean, and dogs of various degrees and pedigrees were busy under and between the stalls in their work as scavengers. Other dirt looked as if it had accumulated for ages, with no effort to clean, other than to push it under the stalls when it obstructs the runway. I saw about all the fruits and vegetables we are familiar with in the States, and some I know nothing about. It was not calculated to increase ones appetite to walk through the place. Dirty squaws and dirtier bucks were pawing over the meat, testing its toughness with their thumb nail, like market women test squash to see if it is fresh. In fact there are several things it is not kind to discuss, and the Lima market happens to be one of them. There are other offences I wish to speak of, chief of which is the nerve-racking police whistles that seem to be eternally

passing along a signal. I am told they still use the old dungeons far under ground for very wicked people, and one would be almost tempted to commit murder (of a policeman) if they would promise incarceration in one of the deep cells where the chorus of whistles could not be heard.

Many odd hours were spent in the churches, and I want to protest against some of the things I saw in them. In wandering around the world and straying into places of worship as I have a habit of doing I have seen some strange efforts made in order to portray adoration of Christ, but never have I gazed upon such gruesome sights as are shown in the Lima churches. Figures with hideous faces slashed and blood besmeared until to look upon them is to insure a nightly recurrence of horrid dreams. How in heaven's name they can identify these images with the beautiful and loving Jesus is beyond me. He, who tenderly lifted the child to his knee and bade His disciples to "consider the lilies" surely cannot subscribe to a worship conducted in a chamber of horrors, such as these. I am thankful to say I found one rare exception. The Church of Santo Domingo is really beautiful. The shrines artistic, and the paintings far superior to the average picture seen in Central or South American churches. There was not one thing to offend the eye or sicken the soul. It is to be noted also that in this church I found the only number that could be considered a

body of worshippers, which, to my mind, is convincing proof that these good people prefer the clean and beautiful if permitted to choose. We are told there are sixty-seven churches within the city limits, and I visited eight, any one of which I will guarantee could take care of all the church attendance of the city. It is doubtful if anywhere on earth there are such great facilities for worship and so little real religion. For, judging by our standards, there is precious little of the real thing here, for one steps over a lottery vender in order to enter the sacred portals of the churches, and the Sabbath day is either given over to a bull fight or a horse race. However, with it all, they are a courteous, lovable people, and with the exception of paying forty cents in real hard cash for a cake of Pear's soap, which cost the pirate who sold it to me not more than fifteen cents, I have no kick coming. But I have found out why the steamship company gave one a towel when one came on board and expect it to do duty for the entire cruise. Hotels the same way. The fourth day out from Colon on the Aysen I refused to be any longer attached to my towel or napkin. At first I was rather peevish over the matter, but since I learned the price of soap, my only surprise is they do not "pass them along." Prices are high here. Room in the hotel $3.00 per day, bath and meals extra, and everything else in proportion, except street car fare, this is two and one-half cents

within the city limits, and but ten cents to Callao, which is a run of seven miles. The cars are kept in good condition and the service is frequent. From many sources I heard of the dislike of the Peruvians for people from the States, but in no case did my experiences bear this out, but just the reverse, for countless little courtesies were shown me, and not once was I made to feel uncomfortable because I was an alien. I made two efforts to visit the cript of the cathedral in order to see the mummy of Pizarro, but each time it was closed so I was unable to pay my respects to his venerable bones. His story has been told many times and by gifted writers, so I will only mention the bones as being a source of revenue for the church he built, so he is still an active contributor. Next to the cathedral the most interesting building is the museum. I spent half a day inspecting the many curious things that have been gathered from the tombs of the Incas and the people who had come and gone before them, leaving no record other than crumbling ruins, grinning skulls and bits of pottery. They were as great a mystery to the Inca as the Cliff Dwellers are to us, with nothing more to tell who or what they were, or when they ceased to exist.

Mysterious Sand Dunes.

THE SAND DUNES AND EL MISTI.

CHAPTER VI.

The golden rays of the setting sun reflected on the sides of San Lorenzo gave it the appearance of being clothed in a mantle of yellow velvet, and, although absolutely barren, it was nevertheless beautiful as we rounded the outward point for Mollendo. We soon were caught by the great green rollers that had been gathering volume over an area of 4,000 miles, and the Huasco began to wallow her way down the coast. It was not long before a number of our passengers took on that "far-a-way look" assumed by poor sailors, and the next morning the decks were deserted except by a few old shellbacks. We had plenty of room to promenade, and prompt attention at breakfast, for even Doc. Grady did not get up until noon, but that was because he had attended a tea party the night before. In fact I practically had the deck to myself all morning. The water is still tinged with infusoria showing a distinct yellow cast, but no longer ropey as it was north of Callao, nor are the birds numerous down here. A few big gulls come on the scene for a few minutes from time to time, and a number of albatros wing along gracefully, following the rise and fall of the waves.

Some hundred or more small brown birds followed the wake of the ship until we reached anchorage in Mollendo. They shuttled back and forth, ceaselessly darting to the surface to pick up anything in the food line dropped from the ship. This morning as I came out on deck I looked out over the water and saw two black satin-covered heads within a few feet of the ship's side. Mr. and Mrs. Seal had come out to welcome us to their waters. Later on we passed the largest school of whales I have ever seen. They would come lazily to the surface, send up a snow-white spray and then "sound," sticking ten feet of tail out of the water. The ship was fifteen minutes passing them, and there were not less than fifty in the party. If the old "Cachelot" had come along there would have been lively times for a few minutes, after the crow's-nest had called out "there she blows." The ship runs close to shore for fifty miles before reaching Mollendo, and it is interesting to note the rugged front presented by the coast line, and the drifts of alkali which made the finest imitation of snow that could be imagined. The illusion was a duplicate of the Nevada desert before reaching Salt Lake City.

Much has been written about the landing at Mollendo, but the half has never been told, and never will be, for each one landing there will have a different story. The day was exceptionally quiet, but anyone standing on the quay looking out at

the combers through which we had to pass to reach the "gibbett" would be inclined to have a queer feeling up their spine, for time and again seas came thundering in that would have swamped any small boat afloat. Sometimes a week will pass before anyone can either leave or go on board ships. Dr. Grady came ashore with us to see that we were properly cared for, but hurried back while the going was good. We will miss him much, for not only were his tales of the hills interestingly told, but he played a good hand at bridge, and thereby helped to while away the time for our party. We are more than a day late, and as yesterday was "train day" we will stay here all night and make the trip by railroad auto car in the morning. This will be gratifying as an offset to our stay here, for while the accommodations seem fair, it is nevertheless rather an unattractive place, with nothing worth while after the passengers have been yanked out or dragged back into the boats at the landing place, but I fancy this would furnish plenty of excitement at times.

There was a hitch in the proceedings, and our auto car ride up the mountains did not materialize, so we boarded the regular train at noon for Arequipa. For perhaps 12 miles we followed the shore-line, and started straight up the hill through gravel bed cuts at first, then over and around the sand covered foot-hills. These, in time, became more abrupt and we began to zizzag and loop in

our reach upward. Each "loop" and "zag" lifting us three or four hundred feet. Sometimes sight of the ocean would be cut off, and again we could see a stretch of twenty miles, always the line of white surf marking the edge and plainly visible, although 3,000 feet below, and 15 miles away. Just here we caught our first glimpse of "El Misti" lifting its white nightcap between two mountains in the east. Looking north we could plainly see great "Coropuna" towering heavenward 22,000 feet, its white snow crown gleaming in the sunlight. Then came a period when we were shut in by deep cuts and clustering peaks, seeing nothing else until we rounded to and came out on the first plateau. We then had before us the most dazzling picture ever presented to mortal eyes. So far as I have seen, there is nothing like it on earth. To the east, for thirty miles, lay the red sand-covered pampa, apparently more lifeless than the deserts of Arizona or Nevada, for our first view indicated a complete absence of all life, either man, bird, beast or plant. Beyond the pampa is the beginning of the second step upward. This range does not rise high enough to be snow-clad, but its sides are cut deeply with gorges that hold dark shadows, in contrast to the general scheme of brilliant color reflected from its face, these colors ranging from delicate pink to the deepest purple. We let our glance sweep over this pitiless barrenness, feast on the color reflected from the face of

El Misti.

the first range and then rest on the real sight. Dominating all is "El Misti," standing alone in his 19,000 feet of grandeur. It is a perfect cone, and looks mighty suspicious to me, for these perfectly beautiful cones, like Pele, Stromboli and other outlets of the nether regions, now and again take a fool notion into their heads to get busy, and when they do, a thousand miles or more is plenty near enough for safe observation. But like all dangerous things, he is beautiful, and I am glad to be near, and would be if lava was flowing down his sides. To the north of Misti stands the Two Brothers, each one of which would rival Misti did they stand alone, for they, too, lift their heads 19,000 feet above the sea. South of Misti is the "Pichu Pichu" range; a series of spurs ranging around 17,000 feet, and high enough to carry eternal snows, but evidently the sides are too abrupt to afford a foothold, and so it shows a purple surface, with delicate traceries of white shining where the snow has found a place to cling. It is simply impossible to convey the impression gathered from the vista. One must see it, and see it with an eye trained to take in the glory of such things, before it can be understood, but no man can convey this understanding by words. And all this panorama was outlined against a turquoise sky, thereby lending further enchantment to the already dazzling picture. Sky and mountain were soon shut from our view by a cloud of dust raised as the train

sped across the level pampa, and we got no relief until we reached "La Joya". Here the dust gave place to a fine red gravel bed, and we came in contact with the travelling sands, which so puzzle the scientist and pester the track superintendent of the railroad company. These "Medanos" as they are called, form perfect moons in the first quarter, twenty to thirty feet between the points and eight to fifteen feet high in the centers. There are hundreds of them marching steadily across the plain by the south winds, which come to fill the vacuum caused by heat engendered in this barren stretch. These Medanos form a striking contrast to the general surface; they being composed of pale gray sand, while the surface over which they travel is a pale brick red. They maintain their complete identity, sending out scarcely a grain in advance, and leaving not a grain behind; the wind being just strong enough to lift the grains over the top and let them roll to their places in front. At Vitor we began the real climb, making our way through deep cuts showing conglomerate, with traces indicating the presence of gold, silver and iron, but only enough to stain the granite that had been partly fused by volcanic action. On up we went, four, five, six thousand feet, finally reaching a point where we looked out over what appeared to be a great red sea, that had been caught in the middle of a storm and petrified, showing wave after wave. The train, at this time,

was running on a ledge cut in the face of the great mountain, and as we rounded it we were permitted to look almost straight down, and, there 2,500 feet below, was what seemed a perfect paradise. The high mountains were shut from our view at this time, and all around us was the abomination of desolation, all of which made the picture of the green valley below all the more intense. We played hide and seek with it, getting nearer as the downward loops were made, until the night closed in and it became a black line below us. But Misti and the Brothers beckoned us on, and at 7:30 we reached Arequipa, dirty as ash cats, but those of us who "saw things" thanked God for the privilege we had been permitted to enjoy.

When I awoke this morning and looked out of the window I stood for a moment entranced, for, forming a background to the great cathedral were the mighty Brothers, and I bowed my head in reverence, for I was in the presence of holy things. The charm of this place will hold me fascinated many days, for the time spent in a mild exploration but confirms my first impression. Of course I visited the cathedral, and it is the first church I have been in that had nothing but what was pleasing to the eye, and soul-inspiring. There are no blood-stained figures to shock one; no tinsel, no fantastic gilded wood carving, and no expressionless paintings to mar its walls. What a contrast to the church at the opposite side of the plaza! And this

is worthy of special mention. Just inside the high iron fence is a strange shrine consisting of a rude cross, the arms of which are adorned with a full sized gamecock on one end, and on the other is a bowl and pitcher. Hanging to one arm is a Roman sword with a wooden ear tacked onto it, and a stalk of sugar-cane. On the other arm is a pair of heavy pliers and a hammer such as Thor might have wielded. Tacked on where the arms crossed is a piece of white canvas, on which is painted what is doubtless supposed to be the head of the Christ, with the usual liberal supply of blood dripping over the sacred face, and below this a monk's habit carved in wood is suspended by a wire, and on the skirt is fastened three dice. The one above indicating 1, the other two show 4 and 3, likewise the two side views show 5 and 2, and 6 and 1, which would indicate the artist as being familiar with the great "down South" game. Of course I understood the allegory, but it did not awaken any feeling of reverence. Neither did the inside of the church, for here I found a figure of the Christ with no less than 35 blood-dripping wounds on His body and arms.

We have all heard of the Swiss Bell Ringers, but the impresarios went to the wrong place when they were in search of talented all-round ringers of bells. I would put these people against the world in that line. There has not been five minutes elapsed since the break o'day that from one to

twenty bells have not been inflicting their discordant notes upon the long suffering public. I looked out from my windows and watched the operator in the tower of the cathedral this morning, and the operation was surely unique. He had a double action. With one hand he slowly tolled a deep-toned bell, with the other he pounded the eternal daylights out of a smaller bell. One not knowing would think he was sounding a fire alarm or calling out the militia, instead of bidding the faithful to prayers. The plaza opposite the cathedral is the most attractive I have seen. A profusion of palms, happily grouped, and brilliant flowers in parterres. It is surrounded on three sides by arched arcades, giving a covered street in front of the stores, and uniform style of upper structure that is beautiful in its dress of pink and white, with yellow window frames and shutters.

In the evening I walked to the extreme outskirts of the town. Out through the poor quarter, and I do not think I have ever seen such filth and squallor. Heaven help these people; they defile the walls of their churches even in the most public places. I do not want to criticize, but I am convinced that if the padres would take some of the time spent in reciting superficial prayers in empty sanctuaries and devote it to teaching these poor devils how to keep clean, and, at least, the first principles of sanitation, they would come nearer the Master's service, and surely contribute

largely to the public health. Out past the pitiful sights and away from the odors I found myself in the immediate presence of "El Misti." There the ugly things of the world were forgotten as I watched the shadows climb its purple sides, and saw the snow catch a pink glow from the setting sun. It was almost dark when I started back to the city, but I had to stop for a few minutes longer, as Venus and Jupiter are on a visit, just as they were fourteen years ago when I watched their love-making from a steamer in the Indian ocean. Now, as then, Venus is radiant as a bride adorned, and if I was old Jupiter I would speed up a bit. Castor and Pollox were in position with Jupiter and Venus to form a perfect square, and for a moment I thought of them as the corner stones of the "city that lieth four-square, whose builder and maker was God."

The evil odors were all about me, and the clanging bells were doing their utmost to make night hideous, but I was living in another world, and things of this world had no influence upon me. Had there been train service I would have gone on to La Paz much sooner, but there is only one train weekly, but charming acquaintances here made my stay pleasant. Two delightful evenings were spent with Mr. and Mrs. Ancieux, and Mrs. Bates gave me such a happy home I would have been half-glad if trains had only gone out monthly.

A visit to the observatory last Tuesday brought

us an invitation from Dr. Hinkley to ride with him the following day. We started at ten in company with Dr. Cone of Cambridge University, and, thanks to our excellent guide, made a trip through the great gorge of the Chile that was certainly enjoyable, and at times thrilling, for the trail was rugged and steep in places. The volcanic ash made uncertain the foothold, and our horses would sometimes get too close and send a small avalanche sliding down the almost perpendicular sides to the river six or seven hundred feet below. Had we followed, it would have been the "end of the trail," but we had mountain horses that climbed like goats, and so returned safely. There were many places that approached the sublime, especially when we could lift our eyes from the black gorge below to the white crown of Misti. My recent visit to the Grand Canon has spoilt me for anything in the way of canons, but it was, nevertheless, a trip well worth taking. Returning to the Observatory we enjoyed a good breakfast. (Breakfast in this country being any meal eaten before 7 P. M.) Then Dr. Cone and I rode back between the high dobe walls and over the rough cobblestones to the city, where I got busy with some notes, intending to write further on the customs and habits of the people, but reached the conclusion that the least said the better, for I have never witnessed such a total disregard of the common decencies. Whenever I come in contact with

unpleasant things I look for the "compensation," and in this case found it in the "Quinta Bates." There was no room for me Saturday night when I arrived, but Tuesday I became the guest at that bower of beauty. It had been practically five months since I had even looked at an honset-to-goodness bed, except the two or three days in New York, the balance of my nights being spent in tropical hotel bedrooms or steamship berths, and when I felt the pillows and found they had been filled with real feathers instead of a block of wood, well, there are times when words fail, and when I looked about and saw the flower-decked dresser and writing desk, and the beauty of the whole outfit, I decided I had the better of the "compensation" and forgot the sights and smells of the outside world. Quinta Bates is an old "walled in" Spanish house, which has been taken by Mrs. Bates and made into a delightful home for poor weary pilgrims who happen along this way, and are fortunate enough to find a room. Mrs. Bates makes one feel he is a favored guest in a private home rather than a paying guest in a pension. There will be many times during the next six months when I will close my eyes and wish I could open them and see Misti from my window. There is not much business here at the present time, but a copper property has been located near here, which, if developed, will make the town boom at once. It is a center for hide-buying and general trading with herdsmen, and small farmers.

LAKE TITICACA.

CHAPTER VII.

It is difficult to believe we left Arequipa Friday morning and this is only Saturday. It seems the time is far too short to have crowded in the strange sights we have encountered. The train pulled out from Arequipa promptly at 7:30, and, making a wide circle, we began to climb toward the peaks of Chachani, with glorious Misti and Pichu Pichu dominating the foreground. We soon rounded the base of Chachani cutting off our view of Pichu Pichu, but for hours Misti was in sight, and, while seemingly approaching Chachani, we never got any nearer. Finally we came out on the first table-land and then got a real view of the great volcano. The north side, being the hot side, was almost free from snow, and the last flow of lava lay over his shoulder, in color and beauty of drapery, like an East Indian shawl, the fold effect being brought about by the shadows down his riven side. We were on a rugged platteau overgrown, in places, with karoo bush and bunch grass, and ringed about by sun-capped peaks. This field showed the result of the first explosion from Misti, or one of the Brothers, for blocks of ryolite, some twenty feet square, were plentifully scattered about; it being the limestone thrown out before the intense

heat turned both limestone and granite into a flowing liquid. When the explosion came, great chasms were opened in the earth miles long and an hundred or more feet wide. These chasms, or box canons, as they are called, are at this time five to six hundred feet deep, and when the first shock came old earth was literally split open.

Great flocks of llamas and alpacas covered the low foot-hills on each side, and we were also where they harvest the Yarita. Seen at a distance it resembles giant toad stools and it is of great value as fuel. In fact there are sections where this and llama dung are the only means for cooking, and twigs the size of a lead pencil are very carefully conserved for fuel. The hotels are without heat, and I have been sleeping with nearly all my clothes on during the past week. There are some fuels mentioned I do not take kindly to, but I would take a chance about this time, for I have to stop every few minutes to rub some circulation into my fingers. Today I had an electric stove brought into my sitting room, but it reminds me of the fire kindled in my room at the Queens Hotel in Glasgow. I was nearly perished with the cold, but after contemplating it for a minute I concluded a poor, futile thing like that had better be dead, so I smothered it and went to bed. I shall let my electric burn, however, for it has the virtue of looking cheerful, even if it does fail to make any impression on the surrounding atmosphere.

We were soon past the foot-hills, and had begun to climb the third great step of the Andes. Every cut we passed through told a story of the awful forces that had been let loose in past ages, and there is no such vast area of volcanic desolation to be found in any other part of the world. Our climb up the third range was not nearly so picturesque as the run between Mollendo and Arequipa, but perhaps we are getting to look upon these wonders of nature as old stories. At any rate I no longer risked getting cross-eyed by trying to look both ways at once. In fact I read a magazine until the call announced we had reached Crucero Alto. This station is 14,688 feet, and Covert and I left the train and took pictures in the midst of a family of Indians. They did not pose readily, but the conductor kindly held the train until we got them in position. We were now on the great southern pampa of Peru, with a run of nearly 100 miles at an altitude of 14,000 feet and over. Whilst the likeness is not exact, nevertheless by substituting springbok for alpacas and antelopes for llamas, with a liberal supply of quaint mirages over the landscape I could easily have fancied myself again making the trip from Bischoff to Bloomfontein, for the pampa of Peru and the veldt of South Africa are very much alike. But there is no real likeness, for the pampa ranges around 14,000 feet while the veldt is only five to six hundred feet high, and the latter is frequently green

with vegetation. Another difference lies in the vast farms of the veldt, while here are small "fincas" tilled by Indians. They seem fat and contented, but I do not think there is a dwelling place on earth with so little to recommend, unless it may be where the hairy men come from in Northern China. Many of these "fincas" are owned by absentee landlords and worked on shares, which reminds me that even Sinn Feiners would admit there were worse places than Ireland if they could have a season down here.

About 4 P. M., we came to a valley leading down to Lake Titicaca, which had rather pleasing scenery of olive green hills on each side, with evidences of cultivation, and more numerous habitations (heaven defend me for calling them such.) Just after we dipped over the edge and started downhill we passed Lake Lagunillas and Lake Saracocha, and they would have been beautiful had the hills about them not been bleak and the shores so barren. As it was, they looked like two big eyes, with no eyebrows or lashes. It was quite dark when the train pulled in alongside the dock at Puno, where a noisy horde of wild men and boys scrambled on board to grab hand baggage. They were about as scandalous a looking party as ever congregated in one group, but our stuff was quickly and safely gotten on board the Inca. She is a 1,000 ton steel craft, driven by Diesel engines. She was brought up from the coast in small

Just In From Puno.

pieces and fabricated at Puno. It must have been rather a job, but it was well done and she slips through the water like a duck, with no more fuss than a duck would make. Captain Tynan was a friend of Covert's so we got the bridal chambers and spent a very comfortable night in making the 149 miles to Guaqui. I was up with the first flush of day, and, as my window faced the east, I watched the sky grow crimson back of the great snow-clad Bolivian range. I dressed quickly and was on deck when the sun came over the white shoulder of Illampi. The waters of the lake are steel blue, and did not look very alluring. It looked as cold as charity, and no doubt was. The lake is narrow at this end, and the west shore consists of a range of bare hills, perhaps 500 feet high. There is a long mole at the landing-place with railroad track running the full length, and our train was waiting. The dock was crowded with a picturesque group of Indians in their brilliant plumage of colored ponchos, and, sitting erect on a horse, was a perfect type of a Hun officer. If anyone had yelled "Heine" he no doubt would have answered; although a Bolivian had assured me the night before that his country had tied a can to the tails of all the German officers that were in his country, but if that fellow was not a German, then there had been a scandal in his family. The customs house was perfunctory, and we were soon on our way to La Paz, which is one of the real

interesting cities of the world. We began on this end of the lake just where we left off at the other end, and made our way over a brown pampa with mud huts on either side. It would have been a dull enough prospect had it not been for the cathedral-like mountain of Illimani, which seemed to rise from the pampa ahead of us. It lit up the scene with a glory all its own, for the sun glittered on its icy sides, giving it the appearance of silver against a sapphire sky.

Five miles out from Guaqui is the town of Tihuanacua, and here are found the oldest ruins on the American continent. The most prominent is an immense mound, walled at its base with close fitting stones, showing skilled workmanship. There is part of a wide stairway leading up from the general level, and on each side is a pillar of stone, cut from rock that is found no nearer than eighty miles. Many of these monoliths are scattered about, some showing rude carvings. One standing near the railroad shows the square outline of a human face, surmounted with what would seem a massive crown. Five fingers, all the same length, hold the stomach, and if there is any expression on the face it would indicate a reason for the position. Around the waist line is carved a belt, showing the sacred triangle, and the trouser legs show alternate squares, and queer human faces. It evidently was a god to these people, which explains why they did not exist long enough to see the

coming of the Inca, for no one would worship that idol and reach a ripe old age. Writers tell us the same weird gods are found on Easter Island, but the mysterious stones are all that is left of the people who bowed down before them. It seems a pity some move is not made to collect and preserve these interesting relics of a dead past, but the wonderful stones are only recognized as available material for houses in La Paz and for railroad construction. If I ever visit the section again it would not surprise me to see the old idol smoothed off and used as a sill in the new cathedral. Evidences of this same civilization have been found on the Island of the Sun in the middle of the big lake, but no where is a key to be found to unlock the mysteries hidden in the unknown art.

The pampa rises steadily from 12,500 feet at Guaqui to 13,396 feet at Alto. There it ends abruptly and one looks over the edge into a vast canon over 1,000 feet deep, and at the bottom lies the famous city of La Paz. To look down upon it from the rim of the canon is one of the most impressive sights imaginable. The dust-red tiles on buildings, the green in the public squares, the gray wall back of the city, in one place 2,000 feet high, and mighty Illimani make a sublime picture. An electric motor takes the entire train down along the face of the canon on a seven per cent grade at first, and later by long sweeping loops until the station is reached. I used to inquire from Old

Washington if the bus brakes were working going up from the station at Lynchburg, but Washington's outfit would have gotten no passengers here, for his brakes would not have held.

Records show this became a town about 1190, and was called Chiochiabo by native gold miners, who established washings here in the year 1545. The Spanish cavalier Mendoza took charge of the gold situation and changed the name to "La Ciudad de Nuestra Senora de la Paz," but La Paz is all that remains of the original name. It was well named the "City of Peace" for the old Dons were efficient in establishing peace when they came to a place that looked good to them, and they, no doubt, established the "peace that passeth understanding," as they did throughout this unfortunate country. It is the center of Bolivian business, and has made more money than they have use for during the past few years. Even with the high cost of production they have turned out tungsten at a cost ranging from $300.00 to $850.00 per ton, and received as high as $6,200.00 per ton for one lot. The price ranged around $2,000 per ton during the year 1917. As they were shipping from 300 to 500 tons each month, one can figure there are some folks down there who will contribute liberally to the income tax. The largest tin mines in the world are located eight hours from here, but they are around 17,000 feet high, and, as this is mid-winter, I will have to pass them up, not feel-

A Chola Coquette.

ing equal to the trip. Mr. Byron, storekeeper at Chuquicamata, and myself drove down the gulch this morning through a fine avenue of trees past the ambassadorial section to where we could look up to the purple range and get a splendid view of Illimani. On our way back I saw a little Indian sitting in the dusty roadside, and made a try for a picture, which will go into the book if it turns out all right, for she was pretty as could be, with all her dirty outfit. After reaching the city we inspected one of the markets. The venders sit on the pavement with their stock in trade in little piles on their ponchos. If they fail to dispose of their stock they tie it up and tote it back home. I witnessed a sale today and cannot do justice to the description, but will try. First let me say a word about the useful poncho. It is a blanket with a hole in the center for the head to go through, and is so worn during the day; the women making a market basket or baby carriage out of the back end, as occasion demands. Well, an Indian squaw came up to the general merchandise stall with her poncho a la market basket. She held it open as she made known her wants to the market woman who skillfully shot her sales into the bag on top of a ragged piece of meat that had been purchased elsewhere. There was no measuring, but as the order was called out the old woman sent two hands full of frozen dried potatoes, half a hand full of peppers, a quarter section of cabbage and three

carrots. The market woman then put a table spoon full of lard into a cabbage leaf, tossed that in, and the transaction was complete. As I figured it out, all the lady had to do was to have the pot boiling, dump the purchase in just as it stood, and produce her dinner. Had this deal been put through in the States, there would have been four perfectly good paper bags and a wooden saucer used, but down here nothing is wasted.

Just in front of the hotel is the plaza Murillo, and in the center of it a monument erected to the patriot Murillo, who died at that spot in 1809. This was the battle of Lexington for the South Americans resulting, not only in the liberty of Bolivia, but practically all of South America. Opposite the hotel is the shell of the great cathedral of La Paz. If they ever finish it they will have perhaps the largest place of worship in South America for I am told they can seat 12,000 people. I may not be able to judge the seating capacity of a building, but if they put 12,000 people in that building they will break all Catholic church precedents and put in a few galleries. I used to think the church of St. John the Divine on Morningside Heights in New York would hold the record for "deliberate construction" on the two American continents, but I did not know about La Paz. This building has been under way for fifty years, and the builders were quite active the first few years, but at the rate they are going now, it will not be

Plaza Of La Paz.

finished until the fall of 5081. It is a pity they are fooling so much time away, for it would be a noble structure and should be completed.

To the left, facing the cathedral, is the hall of Congress, and it is a beautiful building. The president's house alongside the cathedral is also an attractive building. The palace of justice is another imposing building, and should front on the plaza, but instead it is stuck off on a side street. My friend Byron tells an amusing story illustrative of the administration of justice, which is worth repeating. He was located here some years ago and had rented a house. For some reason it did not suit his purpose, so he decided to move. This he proceeded to do, without the 30 days' notice to the landlord, which resulted in him being summoned before the court. Now, it seems Byron's friends had nicknamed him "Bill Byron," and the summons called for "one Bill Byron" to appear. In the courtroom he was asked his name and religion, and in answer to the former, gave the name C. R. Byron, and announced the fact he was short on religion. It is the custom here for the judge to hold a preliminary trial on all minor cases to decide if the matter shall come to court, and later issue another summons. So two weeks later Byron was served with another paper calling for one "C. R. Bill Byron" a "Dam heretic" to appear before the august court and show cause why he should not go to jail for the rest of his life.

As Bill has been with us all day, the sentence was evidently suspended.

In Mollendo the American consul made the statement that millions of dollars, worth of American merchandise consigned to Bolivia was on the docks at that town, and from another source I learned it had been estimated at $30,000,000 gold. Well I classed it with the snake stories told me by Alfalfa Bill, but decided to get at the truth if possible, so called at the consular office about the opening hour and was most courteously received by Mr. Hazeltine. He was good enough to get out the Consular report and announced that about 305,000 packages of merchandise were at Mollendo on broken contracts, being the backwash of the armistice. In this lot were to be found 29,000 packages of cloth, drugs, perfumery and general merchandise; 17,000 bags of rice (now ruined,) 90,000 bags of sugar, 9,000 cases of soap, milk, wine and lard; 8,000 cases kerosene, now much depreciated, and 2,000 cases automobiles and machinery. At a conservative estimate it will figure close to $20,000,000 in gold. It would take Bolivia at least five years to absorb much of this material, even if trade was booming as it did during the last year of the war. All of which goes to show a reckless orgy of buying on the part of Bolivia, and lack of good judgment on the part of American manufacturers. This can result in but one thing, and that disastrous to our interests, unless we in the States are willing

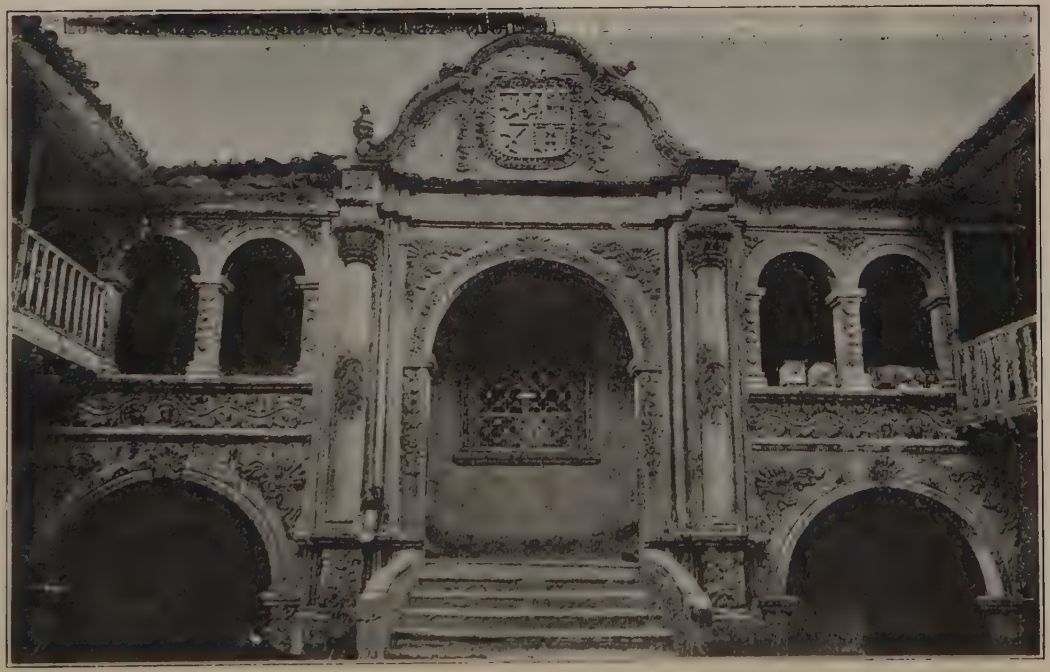
to accept and adjust the loss, and exercise proper caution in the future. Mr. Hazeltine has set himselt the task of straightening this tangle, and it is a man's job. He is hopeful of doing this because of the latent possibilities in the country, and because of stable government and their friendly attitude toward foreign capital, and the people of the United States.

There are several railroad propositions up at this time, any one or all of which will prove beneficial to the country, and a rich investment, for they would be profitable at once. American capital could find no richer field than Bolivia.

An unexpected courtesy was extended me by Mr. Easley, who invited me to visit the museum with him. Being introduced to Professor Arthur Posnansky, we were shown through the building. I did not have an opportunity to get the information so much desired, but yesterday, coming up from Mr. Easley's office, I met the professor and asked if he could give me a little time. He said he would be at home at one o'clock, and I was there promptly. The building is being constructed along lines of Tihuanaca architecture, with many original stones and replicas used for ornamentation. As shown in all Inca and pre-Inca structures there is a total absence of the arch, but these ancient people, nevertheless, had great architectural skill, with the sun, moon and stars influencing the plans of their temples, at least. The professor has spent

ten years in the investigation of the ruins of Tihuanacua, digging, measuring and calculating, until he was able to, figuratively speaking, take me by the hand and walk with me in a reconstructed city, showing me the great panel originally above the door of the temple, and yet almost intact, on which is carved, in no rude manner, the sun and the twelve signs of the zodiac. In his carefully written "Boletin de la Sociedad Geografica de la Paz" the professor illustrates measurements taken from the unearthed ruins of the "temple del Sol," and definitely proves the building to have been erected so the sun's rays would reach the central doorway from the southeast corner on the twenty-second of December, which is the point of summer, on the twenty-second of September and the twenty-first of March the rising sun would line through the center of the building, and the point of winter solstice would reach the sacred doorway from the northeast corner. In the meantime the position of the earth has changed so the line is shifted eleven minutes, and it only required modest calculations to prove the temple was built about 15,000 years ago.

After an examination of this interesting data we went into the room where the treasures of the ancients are kept, and I was permitted to handle the ceremonial cups from which the priests poured libations to their gods. On the ones used in the sun worship, figures of the Macranchenis (giant



Where "La Paloma" is Sung Beneath the Window.

llama, now extinct,) were drawn. On cups used for the wife of the sun (the moon) the puma is shown, and over the rude figures is thrown a glaze that has resisted the action of time and contact with earth for centuries. One of them is particularly well preserved, and was used for some special purpose or in the worship of some minor god. It was the same shape, but instead of the llama or puma, it had coiled about the stem, and partly up the bowl, a well-defined rattlesnake and, cunningly concealed in the stem is a set of rattles, which sing as clearly as they did when the original owner sent out his friendly warning. I was then shown bands of gold, silver and copper, with which the heads of the children were bound in order to elongate the skull. The three metals representing the classes in Tihuanacuan society. Quaint figures of beaten gold and odd bits of pottery were there for my inspection, showing the struggle of the human mind to reach a higher plane, and, handling these relics of the past, I found myself wondering if in their day they had a museum in which they had gathered the unearthed records of yet another ancient people. Who knows?

The professor was not satisfied with taking me back 15,000 years, but told me of his conviction that a great continent, such as Donnelly has so cleverly described in "Atlantis," had existed in the Pacific, the Polynesian group being all that is left

of it, and that a part of its people, or what was left of them, when the catyclism occurred, left their record in the Tihuanacuan ruins. As to their origin, the veil will never be lifted, but it is most fascinating to speculate on the subject.

Alcades.

THE BACKBONE OF THE WORLD.

CHAPTER VIII.

We left the station at 3:30, and the very much overloaded engine began to toil its way up the side of the canon from La Paz. We did not make graceful curves this time, but cut straight on a grade all of four and one-half per cent. Shortly after leaving the station we passed a brickyard in operation, but it was no Harbison-Walker outfit by any means, but rather an exact duplicate of the brickyard that gave old Pharaoh so much trouble, and all that is needed to start a riot in that plant would be to cut off the supply of straw, for without it brick-making would be a tough proposition. As we neared the summit we looked down on the quaint city, noting the tiny patches of leveled and cultivated soil, wondering all the time how it could have been planted and by what means it would be harvested, but the great question was how the farming could be made to pay, for the growth of barley was scant, and the corn stunted almost to the point of not being at all. The train stopped for a few minutes at the upper rim, and the likeness to the Grand Canon of the Colorado was marked, save in the absence of intense color here. The mountains rising from the

valley between the city and Illinanu has a stain of iron striping its sides, in some places showing a bright red, but both sides of the immediate canon are grayish yellow rubble, resembling what seems to have been a river bed deposit of clay and river bed stones to the depth of 1,500 feet, and it will doubtless run even deeper in places, for I noted the river running through La Paz was still cutting, and had not reached bed-rock. If the Colorado ran through this gorge, instead of the modest stream which comes down from the melting snows, it would not be long before the Chinese would have water in their cellars, for it would go on through. Ten minutes after we left the station all traces of the canon had disappeared, and, looking back, Illinanu seemed to rise directly from the level pampa. After the shadows of evening had darkened the pampa the vast snow-clad peak caught rays from the setting sun, and reflected a rosy glow. A few minutes later the color faded, and only a white cloud-like outline was visible in the moonlight.

A very satisfactory dinner was served on the dining car, but by 9:30 we had to go to bed to keep from freezing, for it had gotten intensely cold. The sleeping car would have been comfortable had it been heated, for it was a compartment car, and the berth was satisfactory in every way, but at Uyuni, where we had to change cars, the water tank was frozen solid, so we had to ring for water,

but my teeth were rattling by the time my collar was buttoned. This place shows the greatest change in temperature on the continent; the record showing seventy-five degrees above at midday, and thirty degrees below in less than twelve hours, which, to my mind, puts it in the class of undesirable places of residence. It is a trading center for a rather rich mining district, and, as such had an excuse for existing. By nine o'clock the temperature had risen from far below zero to around sixty degrees above, and it was pleasant to get off at various stations, so long as we remained in the sunshine. We soon reached the beginning of the volcanic district, and cones of volcanic origin were about us in hundreds. In fact we ran between a chain of them on either side, and at one time we counted no less than thirty-one peaks ranging from 1,000 to 4,000 feet above the pampa floor. These had built up the general level from time to time and some had been active at no very remote period.

The vast pampa, over which we were travelling, looked like a field of snow, as there is a heavy deposit of borax over all the land. This snowy range, with its border of purple mountains, presented a picture most pleasing to the eye. Later on we approached the great borax bed, with its deposit from three to ten feet in depth, and at that time had gotten almost within the shadow of "Ollaque" with its steaming crater, whilst above us

everywhere was evidence of the awful forces that had been, and are still, at work. Just south of Ollaque there is a triple cone volcano, now inactive, but their sides are festooned with lava. At one place the flow has started from a narrow neck, but found some obstruction, forcing a flow on either side, and, in cooling, the lava has formed a perfect inverted V. The letter showing red brown on a former overflow that had grown black with age. On the side of another of this group was a great eye, formed by an ash and lava flow around a monster boulder. The black boulder made the pupil and it was completely surrounded by a ring of white ash, and that in turn by darker masses of lava, and the illusion was marked. Just south of the triple cone is a mountain with the entire side blown out, exposing the cup-like wall of the crater. The wall must be at least 2,000 feet high, and the exposed face is rainbow tinted, showing the action of the fires on the metal content of the mountain. It would be impossible to describe the beauty of it, or convey any idea of its awful grandeur. The volcanos just mentioned range from 17,000 to 20,000 feet, but dozens of lesser cones cluster all about, which, if seen with other surroundings, would be awe-inspiring, and make poor old Vesuvius look like an ant heap. Several of these smaller mountains have their sides blown out, but show only ugly gashes from which one turned with a feeling of depression, for they mark-

ed the agony of the mountain with no bright colors to cover the wound. Climbing steadily from the borax field and passing between low foot-hills we came in view of the majestic twins "St. Peter and St. Paul." St. Paul restful and serene, as befits one who had kept the faith, whilst old Peter is fussing and spouting just as he did when he denied the Master. These two mountains are wonderfully impressive, and, seeing them once, will fix them in the mind of the observer. Just at the base of these great mountains is a small and perfect truncated cone, rising perhaps 700 feet from the general level, and whilst the symmetry of this cone is absolutely unbroken, it evidently at some time has thrown out millions of tons of lava; the floor being at least half a mile wide, 100 feet deep, and two miles long, and yet the mother of this one-time fiery serpent looks as innocent and quite like one of the Jones & Laughlin mounds of iron ore at Woodlawn. Try to think of a view made up of the features outlined, with the snow-white crystals carpeting the pampa, the low hills adjoining covered with a moss and bunch grass that mantled them in tourmaline, and a general background of cloud-piercing peaks, some inky black in the shadows, with ribbons of snow marking the crevasses; other reflecting the sun from a riven side, and you have a vision to contemplate with reverence. The slanting rays of the descending sun crept up from the valleys, casting a halo

of glory over the mountain monarchs crowning them with golden crowns, which were the last to fade as darkness gathered, and we breathe deeply as we do when the curtain drops at the end of a great drama.

The sun went down in a heavy bank of cloud, and the sky became entirely overcast for the first time in weeks. It was a gloomy outlook from the car platform when darkness came on, for no light flashed to give us a sense of human companionship until we came in sight of Chuquicamata. The big copper property of the Chili Exploration Company is located here, and a few minutes later we pulled in at Calama, after a ride of thirty hours along the very backbone of the world. An automobile from Chuquicamata was waiting at the station, and whirled me over the ghostly trail to the town, where a hot bath and warm room gave me the first real comfort known since leaving "Quinta Bates," and the breakfast call came all too soon. From my window in the "Guest House" was presented a view almost as brilliant in color as the "Painted Desert" seen from Grand View at the Grand Canon. There was the same iridescent coloring that seemed to gather and fade so that one looked upon something different every time the glance was shifted. The camp is nearly 2,000 feet above Coloma, and about 12 miles distant, but at best it does not seem more than three or four miles. The same deceptive

atmosphere is here that we find in Colorado, and when one starts out on what appears like a three-mile walk to some given object, he had better take a camping outfit and three days' grub, if he hopes to reach his destination. Just after lunch Mr. Middlemas, the general superintendent, of the mines, stopped by and carried me up to the workings. Here he presented to my view one of the most stupendous operations to be found on the globe. In front of the mine office is a mountain of copper ore, one and one-eighth of a mile long, 1,200 feet wide, and tested to a depth of 1,685 feet. These measurements "block out" seven hundred million tons of workable ore, and is a fifty million dollar outfit, as it stands. Their present plant can handle 14,000 tons of ore daily, but plans have been completed which will soon more than double their capacity. At the rate of 40,000 tons daily they have material enough to keep them going for sixty years. In this time they will take out about eleven million tons of copper, ninety-nine and ninety-four hundredths per cent pure.

It was a breathless climb from the office to the upper level as the elevation is over 10,000 feet, but they had touched off a tunnel mine two days before, carrying 204 tons of powder, and this blast had torn loose six hundred thousand tons of ore, almost all of it ready for the steam shovel to handle. The shovels were already at work on their forty day job, after which there will be another

rending of the mountain. We stopped where one of these giants was at work. It is a Bucyrus machine equipped with Westinghouse motor, and is in charge of Mr. Stevens of the Westinghouse plant, who is here to get them going properly. The working weight of the machine is 325 tons, with an 80 foot yard boom, 58 foot dipper step, and a scoop that handles 12 tons each dip. I stood above where the tunnel had been run, and it was a wonderful sight. The wall was about 100 foot face, and showed all the rainbow colors of chalconite, covelite, brochantite, altacanite and the golden glow of iron pyrites mixed with the basic granite. The original floor of the tunnel was practically clean, the action of the blast being an exaggerated dump cart proposition. The track had been removed from where the ore fell, and the engineers were able to calculate the overflow so accurately that it came within ten feet of the railroad ends, without covering them at any point. The next day after my visit to the mines I was placed in charge of Mr. Lambert, and permitted to follow the process of copper making from the carload of ore to the cold finished ingot. Gondolas carrying seventy tons are let down the track to primary crushers by gravity. There they are caught by a clever device called a "burro," which carries the car into a Wellman-Seaver car dumping machine, which preceeds to nip, lift and dump contents of same into bins above the crusher. The car is as quickly let

down on the track and unnipped and shot ahead to make room for the next car. Fourteen thousand tons daily pass through the jaws of the two mighty crushers, dropping the broken ore upon a thirty-six inch conveyor belt 2,220 feet long. This carries it to three gyratory machines, and it is then conveyed to a battery of thirty-two crushers, which prepare it for the "leaching tanks." These tanks are filled with 10,000 tons of powdered ore and a solution containing five per cent sulphuric acid and one and one-half per cent copper is poured over it until submerged. It is kept in this condition for ten hours. This solution, now heavily charged with copper, is drawn off and piped to the tank house. The ore is again covered with a stronger solution and let stand fifteen hours, after which time it is drained and washed. Steam shovels then empty the tank ready for another charge. The solution from the leaching tanks undergoes a denaturing process in order to remove the chlorine and other oxides, and is then pumped through to the reclamation tanks. One set of these tanks holds sheet lead cathodes that pick up a thin layer of copper on both sides. These in turn are stripped, trimmed and lugged ready to be suspended in the tanks for final harvest.

There is a vast field of the tanks and about 35,000 kilowats per hour is forced through them, causing the copper to adhere to the suspended sheets. The tanks are "poled" that is, emptied, every fourteen

days, and slabs of nearly pure copper ranging around half-inch in thickness are removed. These slabs are loaded on dinky trucks and sent down the line to the melting house, where 200 tons are placed in an oil heated furnace for thirty-six hours. In this time all impurities are released and sent to the top of the molten mass. A clever set of revolving molds containing four pockets pass under the outlet of the furnace, and each mold takes on four 200 pound ingots, pass over a heavy spray of water and are automatically dumped into a water tank that is constantly being renewed to keep cool. A lifting table brings the ingots up after a few minutes submergence, and men load them on waiting tram trucks. After dumping, the molds right themselves and men stand by with bone ash in solution to paint their sides and bottoms as they pass. This insures smooth, clean ingots. Running at full capacity, using 14,000 tons of ore will produce 180 tons of ninety-nine and six-tenths per cent pure copper daily. Figuring the product at war-time prices would make one long for a block of stock. The past two days spent at the mine, and going through the various plants brought me in contract with nearly all the officials, and I want to express my appreciation of the great courtesy extended me every minute of the time. Yesterday I had the pleasure of meeting the general manager, Mr. Ballinger, and found all the kindly things said of him fully justified.

A gale has swept down from the hills all day, sending dust and gravel in blinding clouds over the camp, blotting out the painted desert and making life miserable for any one exposed to it. The past three days have been enjoyable, first because of the courtesy extended me by the officials of the Copper Company, and, until, today, the place has fascinated me by its peculiar charm. Had we been able to find a couple of camels we could have staged the opening scene of the Garden of Allah any evening, as the sun went down, for we had the sand dunes, and over all a soft radiance only seen in desert lands. Mr. Savage was good enough to have me sent over to Calama by auto, and, as the gale had subsided, the ride was delightful. A glorious moon lit up the scene, and passing clouds sent black shadows over the sands, intensifying the whiteness where the moonlight shone. Arriving at Calama I found no berth to be had in the sleeping car, and was prepared to face a cold night's ride, but a good samaritan happened along in the person of Mr. Walter Hughes, a broker from Antofogasta, and he said "come into the dining car with me; I know the conductor, and we will get things fixed up." When the train left the station the conductor came in and Mr. Hughes asked him to have a bed made up on the floor of his compartment, which, after a protest, he agreed to do. We then sat down to an agreeable visit until time to retire. About 11 o'clock Mr. Hughes announc-

ed it was time to turn in, and bade me good-night, saying he would be out of the way in about ten minutes, and for me to then come to bed. Perhaps you can imagine my surprise when I opened the door to find him rolled up in a blanket on the floor. I protested most vigorously, but was told to keep quiet and not disturb him and the other passengers in compartment, as they were both tired and sleepy. A further protest from me brought forth a "simulated snore" and I finally tumbled into a comfortable bed, and was soon asleep. I was awakened by a lilting Scotch song to find Hughes up and dressed, and the train almost at Antofogasta. There are times when we think this old world a selfish proposition, but such incidents as this renews our faith and establishes the fact that "good Indians" are not all dead.

PIRATES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

CHAPTER IX.

It was pleasing to see paved streets and a bit of spontaneous green once more after weeks spent in a treeless, grassless, and waterless country. The hills surrounding Antofogasta are brown and bare, but it rains here once in a while, and, Nature being quick to respond, there may be such a thing as a green hill at times. There is a good roadway, partly landlocked, and a number of ships are riding at comparatively safe anchorage. Cargoes are scarce just now, for the nitrate fields are shut down. Unfortunately this is the only source of business life in the town, and the trade is mournful. When I tried to sell the International Machinery Company a couple of tons of babbitt metal and a carload of belting the manager looked at me pityingly as if he thought my stay in high altitudes had seriously affected my brain. There is much United States merchandise here that has been refused by the trade, but the situation is not as serious as it is at Mollendo, nor will the ultimate loss be as great in proportion, for all this will be taken out when the exchange is favorable and trade improves with the opening of the nitrate fields. This is sure to come soon, for the world needs this pro-

duct, and this is the world's supply house. The usual courtesy was extended by the Grace people, and Mr. Jonas placed their launch at my disposal. He, and my good friend Hughes, came off to the ship, bidding me "God-speed" for Valparaiso. The cruise down the coast was uneventful, although we made brief stops at Taltal, Chanaral, Caldera, Huasco and Coquimbo. The abrupt headlands of the upper coast have given place to receding mountains, with a stretch of rolling country between them and the sea. The American Smelting & Refining Company, have a plant at Caldera, and it seemed to be in operation, but the shore looked unalluring.

The ship made her way slowly through a dense fog to our anchorage at Coquimbo, and everyone decided on a shore visit. In the town the view was limited to half a city block, but the muddy streets were plain enough. We plowed through them from end to end of town, seeing some modest stores by getting close to them, but nothing calling for the second glance. By the time we got back to the ship the fog had lifted so we were able to discover some attractive features in the town, but doubtless it was a case of distance lending enchantment. This is perhaps the best harbor on the entire west coast, and is therefore winter quarters for the Chilian navy. They must wish themselves at Guantanamo, for the fog blanket hangs sodden over this place throughout the win-

ter, and under such conditions a warship is the most dismal place to be found, either afloat or ashore.

Before sailing time the fog had entirely lifted, permitting us to look out over the first green fields that had blessed our eyes since leaving Panama, for whilst there were fields a plenty around Lima, the grass and plants were dust dimmed. There were trees to be seen, also, promiscuous like, so one felt they could get on friendly terms with them. A sight of green things during the past ten weeks has recalled the moon flower vine and nine blades of grass I found the negro soldiers standing guard over at de Arr in South Africa. They were the town's most precious possessions, and there are places in Peru and Bolivia, where if they could grow a moon vine and as many as three blades of grass, they would put the entire standing army on guard. Rain falls regularly in this section, and we no longer get our binoculars out when a dark spot appears on the hillside near the water, in order to see if it is really a clump of trees.

The Corderillos have been kept in sight, but they are far inland now, and their snow-clad peaks frequently mingle with the clouds and are lost to view. The first sight of Valparaiso is quite impressive, but is greatly overdrawn in various descriptions I have read. To liken it to Naples is to compare "Little Jim" park with the Schenley. Of course these highly colored pen pictures make good

reading, and few people can hope to "check up." True, there is the wide sweep of the bay, but the shore line is broken and irregular, and there is no white sand beach with blue water in artistic contrast. The several bluffs over which the city is scattered present a rugged appearance. The one really beautiful feature is to take the trip on one of the many "Ascensors" after nightfall. From the top of any one of the bluffs there is an unbroken view of the town below, with Vina del Mar in the distance. Lights on vessels in the harbor and the city streets are all aglow; it can then be compared with Naples as seen from St. Elmo at the same hour, but daylight quickly dispels the illusion. Here mighty Aconcaqua lifts his eternal snows 24,000 feet, but it is 200 miles to the north, and cloud-capped three-fourths of the time, whilst Vesuvius is seldom lost to view. And although Aconcagua has been a tremendous volcano, it has no Pompeii or Herculaneum lying buried at its feet to wrap it about with a halo of romance.

Perhaps I should have written my impressions of the town before making the trip to Vina del Mar. If such a road led to paradise no one would get there unless they owned a Ford car. It can only be spoken of as a bottomless pit of soft mud, filled in at places with the carcass of some poor horse who has given up the struggle, and it is a pity the driver did not lie down quietly along with his horse, thereby getting out of a bad job and saving

An Unattainable Summit.

funeral expenses, for the body would never be discovered. Several things have happened which leave a bad impression, and are worth noting. A telegram from Santiago to a shipping agency brought a reply saying the fare to Punta Arenas was $250.00 gold. Arriving at Valparaiso I called at the office for my ticket, and, asking for the bill, was told it was 500 pesos, which I paid. Leaving the office I began to do a little mental arithmetic, but could not figure out how $200.00 in gold made 500 pesos. Returning to the Grace Company's office the proposition was put up to the cashier, and I was told it was equivalent to $437.50 at the day's exchange. I hustled back to the steamship office and put in my claim for $62.50, but was told the original quotation was only a figure of speech, and used in quoting only, but in buying, 500 pesos was the price, and I was given to understand this was final. I demanded to see the general manager, and was told he would not be in until 10:30. When he arrived he pompously informed me the price paid was correct. The argument for the next few minutes will not pass the censor, but it wound up by me saying, "All right, we will let it go at that but the chapter in my book, dealing with the purchase of a ticket to Punta Arenas will not make very cheerful reading for your friends." Ten minutes later $62.50 was handed over with an expression of regret because of the error that had been made. This is another evidence of the power of the press.

The first night here I had dinner at the Trocadero. I was hungry and ordered a real dinner, without looking at the prices of each item. It took me ten days to recover from the shock when the bill was handed me. It would not do to show the price of that dinner on my expense account, for the office would want to know what show was in town; how many chorus girls they carried, and if the wine was not rather expensive in Valparaiso. In fact everything one is called upon to buy causes a mild attack of heart failure when prices are quoted. It is strange that a community will systematically set out to leave a bad taste in the mouths of their visitors. It would be more profitable to tote fair, for I would go around looking like Hank Dewberry before having any clothes pressed here at the prices they charge, and a less expensive place has been found to eat. Nevertheless it is not all to the bad. There are a number of fine people here, and they helped make my stay pleasant. The courtesy of the Union Club was extended by Mr. Baird of the Du Pont Nitrate Company, and many delightful lunches were enjoyed with him. July Fourth gave us the first clear day in three weeks, and it was celebrated by a tour of the town. We started early and visited the several public buildings of note. Many of these are of recent date, for the earthquake of 1906 shook the eternal daylight out of things. It is surprising that any of the city was left standing,

for the conformation of the land lends itself to aid the destructive elements of an earthquake. Many of the buildings are tacked on the hillside, and the bay would concentrate a tidal wave, beautifully sending the flood where it would do the most good along the line of least resistance. Both nature and men have raided the place repeatedly, for it has been under the guns of Drake, Hawkins, and the Dutch Admiral Van Noort at different times, all of whom were more or less piratical, and this may, in a measure, account for the "hold-up" being practiced in the town at this late day.

I was shown the blue-prints, and later looked over the work being done to improve the harbor, but they will never carry it through sufficiently to make the anchorage safe. If they will construct docks along the water-front, with a breakwater massive enough to take the shock of a norwester they will be successful; otherwise there should be extra insurance on ships trading at that port. The Naval Academy dominates the city from its point of vantage atop one of the highest hills. It is spoken of as being imposing, and if it was the private house of a successful brewer it could be classed as such, but it does not look in the least like a school or academy. Benches are arranged around the grounds, and one can rest and enjoy a pleasing view out over the waters of the bay and ocean. Returning to the city on a tram car in charge of a "conductorette" I witnessed an

amusing incident. The street car capacity is limited, and if it is loaded no more passengers are allowed on board. The lady captain stepped inside for a moment and three men boarded the car. When she came back to the platform and counted noses she discovered one too many, and promptly stopped the car, politely requesting the offender to discontinue his ride. An animated argument followed, which finally brought a policeman on the scene. Then the fun began. Three men had boarded the car during her absence, and there was no way for her to decide which was the last to step up. In the meantime a string of cars and automobiles a mile long had jammed behind, and started their infernal klaxons going, and pandemonium was loose. The arguments were interesting but the horns were too much for me, so I left the car, thereby establishing harmonious relations between the public and the corporation. People cheered vociferously, but they were not the cheers that greet a conqueror. There is no telling what a klaxon horn will make me do.

A reception was held at the American consulate this afternoon, where all the American colony and passing strangers from home foregathered to drink a toast to the Flag, the ladies, and the signing of the peace treaty, and to the utter confusion of any and all who would dare to pull the tail feathers of the Eagle. Admiral Nicholson and his charming wife were present, and we were soon discussing

the winter of '76, for I happened to recall that we had been shipmates on the "Hartford" at that time. The broad stripes on his sleeve has not altered the genial nature so well remembered. He has been on duty here for eighteen months and is a great favorite in both official and social circles. For the time being both of us forgot our gray hairs and wrinkles and were boys again on the old Hartford battling with Boreas. They speak of that winter in Norfolk to this day and everyone on the Hartford remembers the near-tragedy when one of our steam launches got adrift in the wildest of our winter storms. The two men in her faced death for three days, but were finally saved by heroic effort of the corvette Swatara. Our meeting opened a flood-gate of memory, and we could have talked for a week.

Our ship was supposed to sail today, but a heavy sea has been coming in for three days, making it impossible to handle cargo, so we are now booked for the ninth.

SANTIAGO AND THE PINK MOUNTAINS.

CHAPTER X.

We were up early for the morning train to Santiago, and it was a wretched experience, for no cab or taxi was available to take us to the station, thus giving a long walk with heavy grips to carry, and not a restaurant open, where we could get a cup of coffee. We were well on our way before the sun came up, but it did not cheer us much, for we were cold and hungry. But "Santiago the Beautifull" was our promised reward, so hunger and cold were forgotten when we reached the city. It was a general holiday, and all business houses were closed. The city is beautiful under leaden skies and almost continual downpour of rain, for the streets are well paved and clean. Tropic and semi-tropic trees and flowers adorn the many public plazas and surround the public buildings. It is a "real city" with public buildings of the finest type, up-to-date stores, attractive homes, some of them palaces, first-class street car service, and fairly good hotels. The Alameda is the show place It is called an avenue, but is in fact a park three miles long and 325 feet wide. Four rows of Lombardy poplars line the driveway and walks. Flowers, no doubt, add further beauty in their season.

Between each cross street is found from one to three statues or monuments erected in honor of some Chilian patriot, with an Irish name, or to commemorate some decisive battle for Chilian freedom. The most important of these statues shows General "Barney" O'Higgins astride his war horse riding over the body of a prostrate foe. It is artistic, but rather over-heroic. Another splendid "man on horseback" is the statue of General de San Martin. No doubt he was plain Joe Martin when he left Ireland, but he carved out the title of the "Hannibal of the Andes" with his good sword. He ranks with Bolivar in South America's struggle for freedom, being the liberator of his native Argentine, and the Lafayette of Chili. And his was a most heroic task, for he marched his troops over snow-clad mountains, successfully joined forces with his compatriot, O'Higgins, and made a Yorktown for Chili. These people can never pay their debt to these two sons of the "Green Isle." Another Irishman whose name is reverenced is Don Benjamin Mackenna. He conceived the idea and carried out the plan of walling in the waters of the Rio Mapocho, and parking the banks for more than a mile. This also is a thing of beauty, and must be a joy forever to the kiddies. The art gallery is located midway of this park or avenida, and is a beautiful building. It houses a few of the Old Masters and many excellent works of local artists. The build-

ing also contains an extensive museum, showing arms and uniforms of Chilian warriors, with trophies and battle flags taken from Peru and Bolivia in some of their scraps. There is a vast amount of this material, for these people are a warlike race, maintaining the traditions of Valdivia, who successfully fought for and founded this city, nearly four hundred years ago. His initial success was largely due to a freak of nature, for, rising from the level plain, now in the heart of the city, is a rugged rock pile four hundred feet high. This was a natural fort, which was easily made impregnable against the assault of the Indians, but only by hardy endurance was it saved from becoming a graveyard for the Spanish invaders. Mackenna made of this place a perfect paradise, and presented it to the city. Winding walks and rustic stairways, bordered with rich foliage, lead to the summit, and at the very top stands a statue of Valdivia, with tablet reading: "On this spot, the first Governor of Chili encamped with one hundred and fifty conquerors on the 15th of December, 1540, giving to these rocks the name of Santa Lucia, and forming of them a bulwark." This same bulwark was all that saved them six months later, for the Indians made original material out of the mud huts they had built at the foot of the rock. Nearly all the people escaped death by getting into the fort on the hill. At this time, according to tradition, was created another

"Joan de Arc" in the person of Dona Inez Suarez, who bestrode a war horse and led the handful of soldiers against the Indians and broke the blockade.

Shortly afterwards Pizarro sent relief and the town was once more rebuilt; this time to stay, with more or less vicissitudes. A drill ground was laid out in the center of the town, which is now the beauty spot known as the "Plaza da Armas." At one corner of this square a primitive church was erected, and on the original site now stands one of the finest cathedrals in South America. On a jutting rock point just below the statue of Valdivia is a beautiful bronze of the famous Indian chief Caupolican, who was in command of the Araucanian when Valdivia was killed. Evidently he was another Osceola and a gallant warrior, to be so honored. It is pleasing to note the tribute to a dead race, and, in a measure, it is an offset to the gruesome picture of the manacled Inca Athahuallpa measuring the wall to indicate the amount of gold he would give for his freedom, and Pizarro's broken promise. Fortunately for us we had Cooper to write us up, and we have the "Leather Stocking Tales." Had someone with Prescott's pitiless, but facile pen, written up the Rouge River episode in our Indian annals, it would require more than a statue to Logan to take the bad taste out of our mouths.

I attended service at the cathedral this morning

and seldom have listened to a more impressive service. In the first place the interior of the church is superb in its appointments. It is absolutely free from blood-stained horrors that shock us so painfully in Peru and Bolivia. Here the shrines are pure and artistic. Some of the large draperies are rather colorful, but they blend happily with the immensity of the structure. The altar ornaments in the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament are made of solid silver, massive in proportion and wonderfully carved. The sacristan tells me they were placed here over two hundred years ago. An intensely interesting story is told of the organ also. It was being sent to Australia many years ago for the English church at Melbourne, but the ship carrying it was wrecked in the Straits. The organ was saved intact, and later erected here. It is a wonderful instrument, and the operator touches the keys with the same tender caress noted in the work of Professor Bell on the organ in Dr. Alexander's church in Pittsburgh. A highly trained choir of two hundred male voices rendered the responses and then gave a song service. It is even finer than the service in St. Paul's at London, and I did not think that could be excelled. It is no wonder a great congregation of over 2,000 were there to worship, for it was worthy throughout. Doubtless many of these devout worshippers, myself included, were out at the race track this afternoon, betting their fool heads off on their favorite

horse, all of which is hard for a Gringo to reconcile with our feeling relative to Sunday sports. But of course it all depends on the point of view.

Last Thursday was Corpus Christi, and the services were specially elaborate. Of course everybody went to the races that afternoon. I never watched better racing, nor did I ever see such a beautiful race track. The setting is perfect and equipment complete. I picked four winners (?) and backed each with ten pesos so as to have some personal interest in the events. Incidentally I may remark that each horse bet on was in the "also ran" class. Hanson was with me, and wanting to encourage me, offered to bet the sun would rise on schedule time tomorrow morning, but knowing a permanent eclipse would be staged if I accepted the bet I refused to plunge the world in darkness. Yesterday afternoon the clouds all cleared away, giving us a chance to see the full beauty of the beautiful place, and it gave me an opportunity to see a rare sight. I climbed to the summit of San Lucia and from there watched the shadows from the western range creep over the plain, cover the city and climb the side of the mighty Corderillos to the east. The heavy storms of the past week enveloped the range in a mantle of snow, almost down to the level of the plain, and the rays of the setting sun lit this with an unearthly glory. When I first reached the hill top the snow shone like burnished silver, but when the shadows gathered,

this silvery drapery changed, first to pearly gray, then it took on a peach bloom pink, growing deeper in color until the summit became blood-red, and these blood-red peaks were clearly outlined against a sky of translucent turquoise. The picture will never leave me, nor will I ever see anything so beautiful short of the Throne of God.

Yesterday morning I was up at 5 o'clock, and, after a cheerless breakfast in my bedroom, and a rickety ride through a downpour of rain, I reached the (wrong) station en route to Los Andes. Either my Spanish was at fault, or the Ford engineer was sleepy, and a perilious ride to the other station was necessary. It was nearly two miles and only eight minutes to make it, so it was a case of "muy pronto." The driver understood that time and he sure made it pronto all right. The streets were slippery as ice, and when we negotiated a curve I thanked heaven the streets were wide and traffic light. At one point the warning clangor of a street car gong suggested caution to the driver. The next thing I knew we had turned completely around and were going the other way, as if the Old Nick was after us. By the time power was shut off and we had headed the right way, the street car had passed, and the maniac at the wheel proceded to make up lost time. I made the train with three-sixteenths of a second to the good, and am convinced the "Old Master" has work for me to do in the world, or that would have been my last earthly ride.

The gray dawn presented a dreary scene. The continued rains had made a sodden swamp of the landscape, and bedraggled citizens hanging around the stations where we stopped did not improve the "ensemble." We changed cars at Llay-Llay and running the length of the valley of the same name, landed at Los Andes at 11:30. I thought it had rained whilst I was en route to the station in Santiago, but it was only a little shower. Here it really and truly rained. It eased off to the modest shower experienced in the early morning hours, and I was able to wade to the shops of the Trans-Andean railroad. Every courtesy was shown me by the general manager, Mr. Woodbridge, and the chief engineer, Mr. Fishwick. Later on I enjoyed a cup of tea in Mr. Cave's office, where a real fire was burning in a big open grate. I immediately joined the host of Zoroaster and became a fire-worshipper, for the balance of the afternoon. The tea, the fire and Mr. Cave's genial companionship gave me the first thoroughly comfortable period I had enjoyed since leaving Mollendo.

Mr. Woodbridge tells me this is the most severe winter they have had in fourteen years. The road has been blocked since the 16th of May, and no prospect of being open until September. I suggested to Mr. Woodbridge that a few snowsheds and tunnels might improve the situation, and he told me plans to that end had been made and that as soon as the Chilian and Argentine governments

agreed upon these plans the present perils and delays would be at an end. I very much wish these plans had been carried out before my visit, for the blockade compells me to make the trip through the Straits of Magellan. But it cannot be any more uncomfortable than my ride to Los Andes, nor more perilous than my ride between stations this morning, so why worry. Reaching Santiago at one A. M., and feeling very much alive, after the strenuous day, I believed myself equal to rounding Cape Horn in a wind-jammer, if neeed be. Not only is Santiago an attractive city, but it is also a great business center. There are many stores that will compare favorably with our own, and many industries are located here. One of them comes in competition with me, in that a fairly good leather belt is made in the town, but we have a good trade established already, and it sure to grow. The metal outlook is also good, being handled by the International Machinery Company. The manager, Mr. Jory, and his staff, did everything possible to further our interests throughout the country.

The sun came out gloriously just as the train was leaving Santiago yesterday, making the parting scene one fair to behold. Heavy broken clouds, the color of ashes of roses, banked the mountain side, but allowed the snow-clad peaks to show like cut and burnished silver against the azure sky. Had the past week been

like yesterday afternoon, I would have found some excuse to stay on for at least another month. But a continuation of such weather as we have had during the past ten days would make me lose faith in a benign Providence. An hour's ride across the valley brought us to the foot-hills. They soon shut out the view of all save the lofty mountains, and they seemed to get no farther away until a lesser mountain range shut off the view entirely The train followed the winding course of the fussy little river, and what a time it was having! The rains of the past week had made the little rascal feel his importance, and he whirled and gurgled and danced and sparkled. At one place he tried to make a big noise for large stones had tried to block his way.

We finally reached the summit of the middle range, passed through the gateway of the giant boulders, and looked down upon the Llay-Llay valley. It is level, and seemingly as smooth as a ballroom floor, and shut in on all sides by lofty mountains; some of them snowclad. It is certainly a gem, and was but one of a series, Calera, Quilotta, San Pedro, and Limachi. All are located in perfect little nests from which one would think all evil things were shut out. Finally el Salto, the sharp dip to sea level, Vina del Mar and Valparaiso.

THE BIG STORM.

CHAPTER XI.

"Cease rude Boreas, blustering railer,
List ye landsmen all to me.
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea." (Old Song.)

The bad weather that had held us for five days at Valparaiso let up yesterday morning, and the "Chiloe" was able to finish taking cargo. At midnight we slipped moorings and started on our long journey to Punta Arenas. I looked up the chief engineer soon as I got on board, and after introducing myself said, "Well, Chief, what kind of a trip are we going to have?" He looked at me for a moment as if trying to discover if I was timid, and then said, "Good Lord, man, didn't you see the three padres come on board?" I said, "Yes, are they going with us?" The expression on his face did not indicate much reverence for the cloth, and his answer was, "Yes, they are going with us, and we are going to have a hell of a time." There had been quite a storm for several days but only a modest sea was running as we rounded the point. We had a most comfortable night, for the ship was loaded to the guards, which will insure smooth sailing unless we strike unusually heavy weather.

We have congratulated ourselves today (July 10th) for having gotten clear of, and even escaping the bad effects of the storm. Just before leaving Valparaiso I bought a copy of the Sunday Times of June 1st; it being the latest edition from the States. It had the details of our conquest of the Atlantic by airship, and it made good reading. It is a pity the journey was broken, but nevertheless it was our own Read of the navy who blazed the way for Kipling's Night Mail. Events move swiftly these days and we will soon be booking passage for Europe via the "Sky Line Limited." I was awakened in the morning by rain driving into my porthole and found we had anchored during the night. The rain was coming down in sheets, but no wind, so I fastened my port and turned over for another wink of sleep. When the steward called me I thought we had put to sea again, for we were listed over as if a gale on the port beam was blowing. Dressing quickly I went on deck to face a smother of rain and a gale blowing. All anchors were down and steam on in case she drifted. We were inside a "bight," the end of which was decorated with what is left of a good ship that had sought shelter from just such a storm as this but had made a bad calculation. We were fairly well sheltered, but there were times when I earnestly hoped the anchor chain maker who furnished our outfit had been sober when he made the chain, and had carefully selected the material, for we had a "lee-shore"

with a surf curling on it that looked as if it had teeth in it. All of yesterday, and until two this morning the wind simply howled and the rain fell in driving sheets. I was glad to find the storm had practically subsided at 8 o'clock, for we are to take on coal here at Caronel, and I planned to go inland to Concepcion and join the ship at Talcahuana. Clouds were dense and threatening, but the bay was relatively quiet. I was anxious to see the lighters come off promptly, for there is now a margin of only one day to make connection with the north-bound boat at Punta Arenas. Before a lighter got started the storm broke over us again, completely blotting out sight of land, and at the same time blasting all hopes for steamer connection. Caronel is a noted place, for it is just off this port the first naval engagement of the great war took place. It was here the English and German fleets met, and somewhere just beyond the gray skyline, the Monmouth and Good Hope went down with colors flying. A chap tells me Von Spee visited the club in Valparaiso the next night after the fight, and boasted that he could and would finish off the balance of the British fleet in the same quick time. But the chill waters of the South Atlantic soon closed over his ships and him, and silenced forever his boasting tongue. There is no pity in the hearts of men when they think of his fate, for he would allow no effort to be made to rescue his gallant foes.

This is the coal center of Chili, but there is no evidence of it being a "Coaling Center." Certainly there are no Brown hoisting machinery coal-car dumping devices in sight, and there will be no loading at the rate of 1,000 tons per hour when we do begin. We are anchored in a little bay partly sheltered by a curving shore line, and further protected by the large island of Santa Maria, which breaks the great rollers that seem to breed in these waters. Even during the severe storm of Friday and Friday night there was no heavy sea running, and we soon had cause to thank Heaven for this shelter, for Saturday afternoon the real storm hit us, and the next thirty-six hours were highly sensational. Several ships sought shelter here Saturday afternoon, and we had some neighbors Sunday morning altogether too near for our peace of mind, for every ship was tugging at its anchor, and swinging wildly in the gale. The Pacific Steam Navigation ship Chili lay just ahead of us, and the collier Puno just ahead of her. At 11 o'clock Sunday morning the Puno began to drift, and there was a breathless moment when she collided with the Chili. It looked like a real smash for a while, but the Chili paid out anchor chains rapidly and the Puno cleared with but little damage to either ship. In the meantime the gale had increased, and, with the exception of the pampero I experienced in Montivideo years ago and the cyclone in St. Louis, I have never known it to blow

so hard. The storm would pause as if to gather force. Then it would come down on us, shrieking as if all the fiends of the nether world had gotten together to overwhelm us. These seething blasts would sweep over us, followed by a lull, and come again with greater fury, and so the day passed in our battle with the elements. Newspapers from Concepcion reached us Monday with incomplete accounts of the disaster along the coast. The roadstead at Valparaiso has been swept clean of all vessels. Twenty-three large ships were either sent to the bottom or on the rocks. Launches and freight barges were lifted over the sea wall and dropped into the streets of the city. Two and one-half million dollars damage is reported in Valparaiso alone, with other ports to hear from. It is one of the greatest storms on record, and the total loss will be appalling.

Ever since the famous missionary tried to avoid service in Nineveh and did penance in the whale's belly, pious sailors have made the sign of the cross and whispered a prayer, whilst the impious ones have cussed outright whenever a priest takes passage on a ship, and the superstition holds good in our case. Our three priests are booked for Buenos Aires, which means I am in for a dickens of a time, in case old Jonah did pass the buck to his successors. Of course it is only a coincidence, but it is nevertheless strange that when it became quiet enough for boats to come out to us Sunday after-

noon and the padres left us there was no renewal of the storm. By midnight all the storm clouds had cleared away and a glorious full moon lit up a scene that, except for the surf thundering on the shore, would indicate "peace on earth, good will toward men." Monday morning the sun came up in a cloudless sky and the work of taking on coal began. We were doing so nicely that I commented on our progress to one of our ship's officers, and he said, "Yes, and if the blooming sandal-footed saints, bad luck to them, (here he crossed himself, for he is a good Catholic) only happen to get side-tracked in Concepcion until we sail, sure I'll thank Heaven, for we are not likely to make Punta Arenas before next Christmas if they get back." Taking on the coal was a slow process, and work had to stop at sundown which means another day here. But the padres are still on shore and we have prospects of fair weather until the coal is loaded. We can then be on our way, and perhaps make the channel before another storm breaks.

We finished coaling late Wednesday night and got under way to Talcahuana in good shape "sin padres." Here we learned of further disaster in Valparaiso, and the storm of the night before, which, however, did not reach us, had sent $20,000,000 worth of wheat and other merchandise to the bottom at this port, but no large vessels were lost. One of the Valparaiso papers announced the sinking of the Chiloe, with all on board, and, fear-

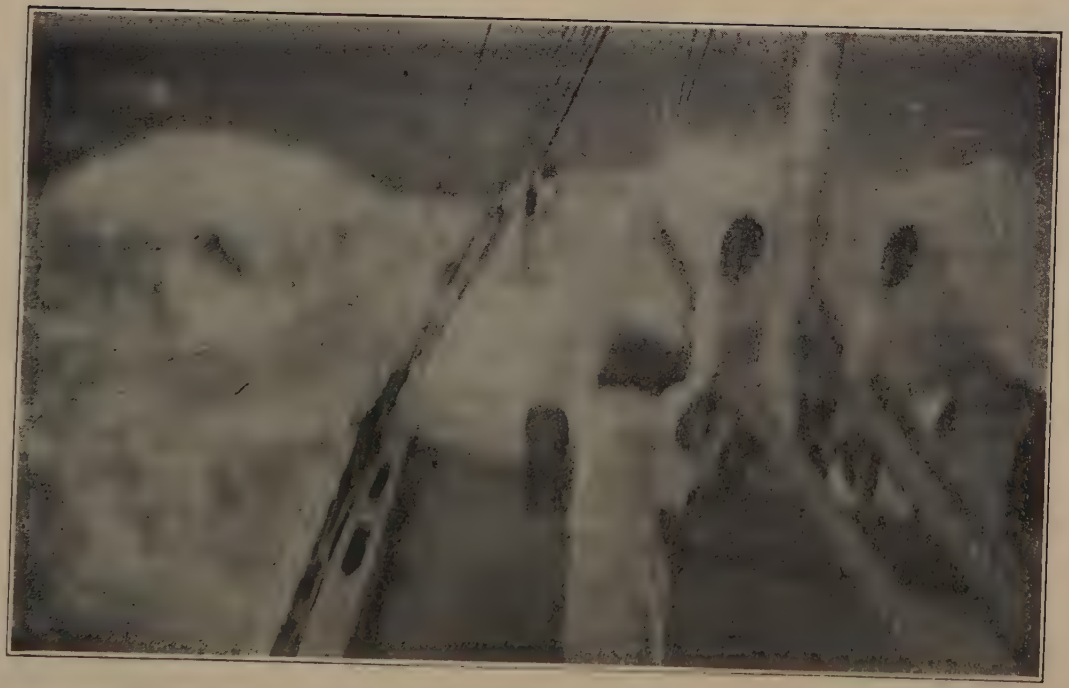
ing word would reach the States and have my friends investing in crepe arm decorations. I cabled New York that all was well, and asked them to send word down the line to the anxious ones. The last report we have from Valparaiso tells of 200,000,000 pesos (about $45,000,000) damage, and a record of over 200 lives lost in that harbor alone, with no definite word from other sections. When the story is all told it will record a greater disaster to Chili than the earthquake which visited Valparaiso and vicinity in 1906. And, no doubt, the destruction of property in Valparaiso alone will be nearly as great, with a vast coast line affected. The captain told me he would not sail without me in case I wished to visit Concepcion, so after sending my cable and paying a visit to Grace & Co., I boarded the trolley for the inland town. Flooded fields and roadways, with broken telegraph poles told the story of the storm all along the line, but the town of Concepcion evidently did not suffer much. Had it not been such a black day I would doubtless have found it an attractive town, but it began to rain heavily, so I returned in the same car, arriving on board in time for lunch.

Talcahuana is the naval dockyard of Chili, and I would like to have looked it over, but the streets were full of mud, and rain falling at intervals, so I did not go on shore again, although we did not sail until evening. During the afternoon the chief

engineer and doctor were having rifle practice with the pretty little diver ducks that were dotting the water everywhere. The chief succeeded in wounding one and tried several more shots to put it out of its misery, but could not make a hit. I then had a try but it had gotten too far away. In a minute or two it was joined by its mates and I watched them with a pain in my heart because of the suffering a thoughtless shot had caused. At 6 P. M., we got under way, but the padres were on board, and we had only gotten clear of the sheltering land when we butted into as ugly a sea as one could imagine. Fortunately dinner was over or we would have had as much difficulty keeping food on the tables, as most of the ship's company had in keeping it on their stomachs later on. It was necessary to batten down, with all portholes closed, so I stayed up until the lights went out. By that time I was sleepy and had a good night, although the cabin was stuffy. The bath next morning was an heroic game, but I got through at last and came on deck to find it clearing up a bit, and the ship making good headway. At 2 P. M., we reached Corral, the port of Valdivia, but the anchor had only just reached bottom when another one of those gentle showers, so numerous the last few days, blotted out the sight of land and sent all of us to cover. The captain told me we would sail at four this morning, but he evidently had forgotten our Jonahs, for it is now noon,

and we are still "safe within the vale," and another norther tearing things to pieces. If these padres are wise they will begin praying for three big good-natured whales to arrive in this vicinity, for there will be a job for them sure if this thing keeps up.

It was 6 P. M., Saturday, after a twenty-eight hour stay at Corral, before the captain felt he could take the risk of leaving port, and we had only cleared the headlands before people on board were wishing we did not have such a brave commander, for we surely hit the real thing in short order. Just as she began to lift and fall good and proper, the dinner gong sounded. Only four passengers came to the table, and one of them beat a hasty retreat. Mr. Burbury, Riddle and myself stuck it out, but ate literally from hand to mouth, for the steward would bring one order, and we held it in our hand until finished, for nothing could be left standing on the table for a moment. Taking it all through the scout boats in the North Sea during a winter storm had nothing on us by way of sensational dining. After dinner I tried to read, but would have to be fastened in to keep my seat, so at nine o'clock I turned in and experienced one of the wildest nights I have ever spent on the ocean. Our ship rode like a duck, but even a duck can get his tail feathers ruffled at times, and we certainly did get hammered. I was on the lee side, and when a sea would hit her, the berth would literally go out from under me, giving me the sen-



A Bit of "Rough Stuff."

sation of flying through the air. When I would settle down I would feel a shiver run through the ship, and her beams would cry out as if in pain. That, with a crash from time to time when something would break loose, gave us a restless night. Even my friend Burbury, who is a devout Catholic, joined the chorus this morning. Later in the day I saw him in earnest conversation with two of the padres, and I think he was telling them "the worst was yet to come," advising them at the same time, as a friend of the church and a well-wisher, to leave the ship at Porte Monte and make their way over the mountains to Buenos Aires when the good weather comes. But he did not picture the terrors of Smith's channel with sufficient force, for we have just left port and they are still with us. There was no move made by any of them to go ashore, for they are convinced that if we could once get them off the ship they would never see us again. It is really pathetic, for everyone has a jab at them, and they have gotten sensitive on the subject. At tea today one of them said it was a cruel superstition to think a man of God could bring disaster to a ship. Well, Jonah was a man of God all right, but he had to go overboard just the same.

It is comforting to know the sheltering islands will be about us for the next two days, and we hope the storm will have blown itself out before we round Cape Tres Montes and enter the Gulf of Penas, for it has a bad reputation.

"A RAINBOW IN THE MORNING."

CHAPTER XII.

At Hincha we loaded about 2,000 sacks of potatoes on deck, and in the opinion of all on board we already had as much cargo as the ship could carry safely. When we anchored at Castro an "Indignation meeting" was held in the fo'castle, and a committee of sailors went up to the captain to protest against what they considered a dangerous load. There was a stormy scene, and the old man bellowed like the bull of Bashan. Some of the passengers had gone on shore, and when they returned to the ship they told how the people had shook their heads when they saw how little freeboard we were carrying, and the top-heavy load we had. My opinion was asked, and I told Mr. Burbury I thought we had loaded below the register mark, and considered her unsafe if we met any rough weather rounding Cape Raper and crossing the Gulf of Penas. This decided Mr. Burbury to make protest, and he went to the bridge; but the captain had not cooled off yet, and the only satisfaction he got was that he, the captain, would put another thousand bags on board if he felt so disposed, and that no attention would be paid to any further protests. Hearing this report gave me an

uncomfortable feeling, for it seemed the very limit had been reached, so after dinner I made a journey to the bridge. By this time the old man had blown off steam, and we had a pleasant visit. He assured me we had eight inches of free board yet by register, and that if we should get into a blow outside he would cut the ropes and a broaching sea would take care of the excess cargo, as she had heavy tonnage down below that would absorb the shock. This reassured me very much until Burbury called my attention to the fact that an attempt to jettison the cargo with a broaching sea would inevitably carry away the steering gear, which, upon investigation proved to be correct, and he proceeded to tell me an experience he had in the early part of the South African war when he was sent across to Cape Town with a deck load of horses. The captain of the ship found it necessary to jettison his deck load, which he voluntarily or involuntarily tried to do by broaching. He got rid of his load all right, but the stearing gear went along with it, and they had a few distressing hours, which, had there been a lee shore, would have meant one less successful sheep rancher in Terra del Fuego. As there is nothing but lee shores in these waters, I would rather not face a blow. In fact there has been sufficient entertainment along this line for the last two weeks. We got away from Castro early this morning, and had a pleasant run into Melinka, and

anchored there for the night, as we were clear of Corcovada Bay, and at the entrance of Movaleda Channel. This is good water, but not safe to navigate after dark. This morning we had a wide stretch of water on each side of the ship, but land was visible all around. Later we passed quite close to Transito Island, and the white surf made a picture of solemn grandeur. All along the shore of Chiloe and the smaller nearby islands there was evidence of habitations. Small farms were everywhere plotted out, with many seemingly comfortable houses, but after leaving Melinka we saw nothing but uninhabited atolls and larger islands. Riddle tells me it would take ten acres of this land to keep one goat, and if that is the case, it is one section of the world where a lodge in some vast wilderness can always be found, but whoever would be idiot enough to seek it is another question. At noon the wind changed to the northwest again, and the barometer began to turn handsprings. Passing the shelter of James Island a hail and sleet storm swept down upon us for ten minutes, and presented a wild scene. The island has several snow-clad peaks, and around them whirled the black storm clouds, lit up, or rather made more intense, by the rays of a winter sun, that shot across them for a moment. Shortly after the course was changed, and we again hunted cover from the storm for the night. It might be mentioned, in passing, that we added a further hoodoo

at Castro by taking on a "cadaver," and this, together with the other "Jonahs" on board, will make a memorable trip unless all sailor superstitions are at fault. But we are safe in a veritable little sea nest where we could ride safely in a gale that would lift the crown off the Andes, and, from the looks of things, it will be no surprise if we contemplate the scenery and congratulate ourselves for the next three days, for another norther is coming.

The night before we reached Porte Monte I overheard one of our passengers talking with the captain about the prospect of nine passengers coming on board. The captain said they would be crowded to full capacity. This seemed to disturb our good friend very much, and he said; "Well, I certainly hope you will not put some chap in with me whose idea of a bath is to squirt some perfume on himself, and powder his nose." After some further talk the captain suggested that he accept his cabin, as he, the captain, would have but little use for it during the balance of the trip. This was politely refused, and a young Englishman was suggested as a roommate. When we reached Porte Monte a tough-looking bunch came on board, amongst whom was an American of the type we are not specially proud of, and he promptly set up a howl, because no separate cabin was available. When Mr. B. saw the crowd he promptly looked up the steward and had the young man sent to his cabin. I was thanking my stars, for

whilst my roommate was a Chilian he was a thoroughly decent chap, and I was well pleased with the situation so long as they did not burden us with a third party, and that, to judge by the crowd we already had and the crowd that came on board, seemed highly probable. Going to my cabin after dinner I found the steward busy getting my shipmates' baggage out of our room. I was scared stiff, for a moment, fearing the unknown, and could scarcely credit my senses when told my friend was being transferred to the young Englishman's room, and I was to have my cabin "solo." The next day Mr. B. came to my room, and seeing one berth turned up, we had the following dialogue: "Do you have this cabin alone?" "Yes." "Well, how the devil did you work it?" "Well, the joke is on you, I am sorry to say," and I told him what had happned. He was profanely chagrined, for he is an Englishman, with all the Englishman's reserve, and he wished to be alone, but being an Englishman he was also a good sport, and joined in the laugh at his expense, only saying, "This was a case where I talked too damn much." A cabin to oneself is much to be thankful for, but I do wish it had been at the expense of some less decent chap.

I have just come in from a turn around the deck, and never remember of being in a place of such complete isolation on board of a ship. A black, starless sky hangs above us, whilst all around are the

silent hills, with not even a friendly candle to tell us land is near, but we are safe from the gale that is sweeping over the hill tops, and are far more comfortable than we would be bucking the giant seas which this storm has kicked up during the past two weeks. The beautiful rainbow which arched the sky in radiant colors yesterday morning had its significance, for all night long the wind was surging down between the hills, and sang a dirge that caused more than one of the ship's crew and company to thank Heaven for our snug berth. At six o'clock we got under way and headed through Moraleda Channel and attempted the passage around Kent Island, but ran into a sea that was simply appalling. I was on the bridge and witnessed a clever piece of seamanship in turning her into Darwin Channel. The sea was mountainous and our ship was a plaything in the mighty waters. When the turn was made the waves came on like racehorses, lifting the ship like a cockle shell and swirling past us. They chased us right into the channel, and it was only after we had rounded one of the sharp bends that we got clear of the beasts. Then came a long stretch of quiet water leading us between abrupt shores, densely wooded, with snow-clad crowns that were extremely picturesque. At one o'clock we reached a sheltered section and came to anchor. This was another uninhabited world, even more lonely than our anchorage last night. We made up an explor-

ing party, and I believe we were the first white men that ever stepped on that particular shore. There is no such dense jungle anywhere, except, perhaps, the shore near Majunga on the coast of Madagascar, and even that was less forbidding. I tried in vain to make my way into the jungle, but the growth of countless ages had built an unassailable wall. At dinner the captain informed me the barometer was lower than it had been during the storm, and even in this sheltered spot the angry winds are piping an unfriendly tune. During the conversation at the table tales of the sea were in order, and the captain referred again to the superstition of having padres on board, and said that some years ago he came out with one of the cloth as passenger, and at the end of nine days, not having made much headway, he had a basket packed with a meagre supply of food which he took to the padre's cabin, and informed him that unless there was a change of weather at daylight he would be given the basket and sent on shore. As it was about as inhospitable a coast as this the padre evidently spent the night in supplication, and his prayers were answered, for the change came on during the night, and the ship proceeded. There was a general plea from his hearers to execute some such plan with our Jonahs. A threat to put them on shore here would have brought on heart failure, had they been with me this afternoon, but the Throne of Grace would be bombarded this

night and we would sail through summer seas for the balance of the trip. Some of us are getting a bit impatient, but Burbury and Riddle should rejoice exceedingly. Riddle has a new wife, and Burbury is taking a cook home. As there is no other way to reach Valparaiso except by boat there is no danger of either of them losing their prizes, for it would require the soul of a Viking to face these waters the second time.

We were put on short rations today (July 25th) being five days over-due, and nowhere near our destination, but there are three live pigs on our passenger list, and two thousand bags of potatoes in the cargo so there is no danger of starvation. However, the subject has been discussed, and we have it all fixed in case we have to draw lots to see who shall die that the others may have meat with our spuds. Riddle is to see to it that the fat priest gets the short straw, and he has asked to be the executioner. This, because he has discovered the intended victim does the "goose step" on deck over his cabin every night in order to get his feet warm before retiring, and Riddle is praying for us to reach that extremity in order to get revenge.

A start was made early this morning in an attempt to get around Menchuan Island, but heavy seas threatened our deck cargo, and would have endangered the ship had we reached open water. I was on the bridge with the captain and watched him maneuver to turn without getting caught by

the heavy rollers that came in series of three at intervals. Had we gotten caught broadside in one of these interesting periods there would have been a sensation on our good ship, but the work was well done, and my hat was figuratively lifted in recognition of the good seamanship displayed by Captain Mohlgaard. He is a Dane, and therefore a born sailor. When he got her turned we had a race with the great green seas that came thundering behind us and at times they were appalling, but the good ship rode them safely until they passed beneath her and gave place to another. We were running for Darwin Channel and they chased us until we rounded an island; then we had the satisfaction of seeing them go to pieces on the rock-bound shore, while we passed almost instantly into perfectly smooth water. During the three hours' battle with the elements there was more than one prayer sent up to the Throne of Grace for safety, and a sense of relief was felt when we dropped anchor in Port Refuge. It was here Lord Anson's squadron sought shelter in the early forties, and his flagship, the "Anna Pink" being in trouble, he anchored under the lee of Yuche-Mo, but it must have been a storm like this, for she had to slip her cable and trust to luck, it being an uncharted coast at that time. Good fortune was with him, for he drove into this beautiful haven, and called it Port Refuge. Here he made his repairs and, to commemorate the event, he called

it Anna Pink Bay. Shortly after coming to anchor the sky cleared, with every indication of a speedy ending of the storm, but the barometer held a warning, and we settled down to another night of patient waiting.

An early start was made from Port Refuge this morning for another supreme effort to round Tres Montes and reach Smyth's Channel, where our troubles would be over. I hurried through breakfast, and was soon on the bridge. The captain was there with a happy expression on his face. His greeting was cheery, but to my suggestion that our troubles were over he only shook his head, saying we had quite an ugly bit of water before us yet, but the barometer was in better shape than for two weeks past, and he was hoping for the best. The sun was shining gloriously, and the squalls that frequently came up from the southwest only made material for countless rainbows, one of which was the most gorgeous I ever beheld. It formed a great band of purple, blue, green, orange and deep red, reaching the zenith, and the colors were so brilliant they cast a reflection on the water, reaching to the ship's side. I never saw anything like it before, and never anything more beautiful. Rainbows have flashed on all sides for the past three days as if to recall God's promise to the world and bid us know that all was well, even though the great green seas appeared so threatening.

At noon we were off Cape Raper and saw the first human habitation since leaving Melinka. There is a lighthouse here, and the sight of it brought a sense of companionship not felt for days. The wind had hauled around to the southwest, and the sea began to quiet down rapidly. By the time Cape Tres Montes was rounded only long smooth rollers were running, and the motion was pleasant as the ship passed into the Gulf of Penas. This is another famous bit of water, for the Marine Islands lie just north in the small Gulf of Tres Montes. The English ship Wager went on shore on one of these islands and was wrecked; some of the boats being smashed. When the weather cleared and they got ready to leave it was found the boats could not carry all the men, so four of the marines volunteered to remain, it being another evidence of the loyalty so often exhibited by that corps. The chart book of the coast has the following foot-note; "Having lost the yawl and being too many for the barge to carry, we were obliged to leave four of our men behind. The captain (Cheape) distributed to these poor fellows arms, and ammunition, with some other necessities. When we parted they stood upon the beach, giving us three cheers and called out 'God bless the King.'" No effort seems to have been made to rescue them, but many years later a party landing on the same island found the ruins of a hut, but no record of what had become of the men. Know-

ing the class of ships used in those days, and being now familiar with the dangers of these shore, I have a high regard for the brave hearts who sailed with Drake, Magellan, Anson and Fitz Roy. Cape pigeons flocked about us off Cape Raper, with a dozen or more stately albatros, and knowing the many ships that have gone down in these waters, some reason is given for the legend that pigeons contain the souls of lost sailors, and the albatros the spirit of lost commanders. No sailor will allow one of them to be hurt if he can prevent it. At three o'clock the dome of San Pedro indicated the entrance of Smyth's Channel, but we did not make it until long after dark.

It had been almost a cloudless day, and the night was starlit with unearthly splendor. Venus sent a shaft of light across the water like a miniature moon, whilst the Southern Cross, immediately overhead, was submerged in the brilliance of the Milky Way. The Magellan cloud piercing this brilliance with its inky blackness made the glory about it more intense. Strange mystery of the sky it is, for no speck of light is found in all its profound depth; a veritable Sahara of the sky, seemingly a plague spot avoided by all the celestial host. Old star friends of forty years ago greeted me with welcome twinkles and kept me on the upper deck until my body was chilled, but my heart was warmed by memories these old friends recalled.

Being so delayed justified the captain in keeping on throughout the night, proceeding cautiously, and the English narrows was not reached until six-thirty the next morning. This is the most difficult place in all the Straights passage, as it is extremely narrow, with two sharp turns. This, taken with a six-knot tide gives the skipper a tense ten minutes. The courtesy of the bridge was extended me, and it was interesting to note the calculations of seconds, followed by sharp commands and swift response of our dear old ship. Once the captain caught the wheel giving it a sudden whirl, evidently fearing his order would not be obeyed quickly enough. Ten minutes later we passed into an open and comparatively straight stretch, all dangers past, and I went below to enjoy a special breakfast friend Doughty had persuaded the steward to have ready for me. The meal was hurried, in order to get on deck, for we were passing through the most picturesque water-way in the world. In many places the shore formed regular canon walls, rising to immense heights, and almost perpendicular. These were cut into by estuaries and festooned by waterfalls, whilst the water of the channel, smooth as a mirror, reflected their grandeur faithfully. Keen interest was awakened as we approached "Icy Beach" for it is the place of icebergs. This ship was blockaded there for eight hours on the last trip up; some of the ice masses rising forty feet

above the water, which made them dangerous. A wide estuary comes into the channel at this point, and there is an immense glacier at its upper end, which contributes regularly to the ship captain's troubles. The strong north wind of the past three weeks had completely cleared the channel, and there was no obstruction, but early in the afternoon the barometer began to play more tricks, and a blinding snowstorm is a decided possibility, which means further delay. It was after dark before we reached an anchorage, and it called for cautious handling to bring the ship to safety, as the night was inky, and no friendly lighthouse to show us the way. Some Indians came alongside about 9 o'clock, and the quartermaster turned the searchlight on them. They were in the crudest kind of bark canoe, and in all my travels I have never looked upon such God-forsaken wretches. There were two women, one man and a child, and they belong to the "Yahgan" or Canoe Indians. They were sending up a plaintive cry of two words "Galleta Galleta" (biscuit) and "Wachiki Wachiki" (whiskey). The purser gave them a bag of stale bread, and one of the passengers brought them a bottle of wine. When the woman climbed up the side of the ship to get the wine, the ragged man's coat she was wearing fell open, being buttonless, and revealed her body, absolutely nude beneath, and this condition when I was shivering under a woolen union suit, heavy woolen clothes and ul-

ster. I have seen the "native" in many parts of this old world, but the picture last night will live in my memory as one of the saddest.

We left Poerto Bueno for the last leg of our run, and made our way over quiet waters, making sharp turns at times in following the channel. As the night came on a friendly light flashed out to guide and cheer us and let us know we were reaching civilization once more. We all went to bed with a feeling of relief, for we had faced real perils and were glad to know our port was near. At eight o'clock we came to anchor off the most southern town in the world. Fitful flashes of sunlight lit up the snow-clad hills of Terra del Fuego far to the south, and as we had seen so little of it for the past three weeks, it brought further good cheer to our hearts. A special tug came off for Mr. Burbury, and I was invited to accompany his party on shore. We landed at a long mole and soon found ourselves at the Hotel Royal, tenderly caressing a real fire, the first I had enjoyed for three months. Along with the fire we had a pot of good coffee, bread and butter, the latter being the first of that material serving its original purpose, for what we had been eating for three weeks was a very poor grade of axle grease. Ten minutes after reaching my room, Mr. de la Concha, the resident manager of the Grace Company, was announced, and gave me a friendly welcome, expressing the hope he could be of some ser-

vice to me during my stay. After lunch I called on Mr. Brady, our American consul, and renewed a pleasant acquaintance began on my trip from New York to Colon. He and Mrs. Brady seemed glad to see me again, and I was invited to tea the following afternoon to meet the British consul. This was the beginning of a series of delightful courtesies that continued throughout my stay in Punta Arenas, and terminated in a dance the night before I sailed, and for the time I utterly forgot I was sixty years old. This was specially true after one of the dances, for I found myself bending over my partner's shoulder and saying "I did not believe there was a girl south of New Orleans who could dance so wonderfully." Just then her husband joined us, and, overhearing my remark, spoiled it all by saying "That is the third time I have listened to that story tonight, and each time with a different lady." If by chance he spreads this information my reputation for sincerity in Punta Arenas will be at low tide. It was a happy time, and the event will be one of the many pleasant memories born here.

A few years ago Punta Arenas was a Chilian penal colony and calling port for whalers, but in recent years it has become a wool center, with a place in the commercial sun; it being the headquarters of the largest farm for sheep in the world. My shipmate on the Chiloe, Mr. Burbury, is at the head of the organization and many hours

passed quickly listening to the wonderful story of its development. It was started on a small scale twenty odd years ago, and has gone on until they own and control seven million acres of fenced-in land, an acreage larger than all of Belgium. On this property they maintain vast flocks of sheep and herds of horses, cattle and mules. This year they will shear about one million three hundred thousand sheep, producing 20,000 bales of wool, and will slaughter nearly 400,000 for freezing and canning. The statistics are bewildering when one thinks of an estate carrying that number of sheep, besides 15,000 cattle and 10,000 horses and mules. They kill 40,000 sheep yearly for their own consumption and lose another 180,000 by death and straying, all of which is met by a yearly increase of about 600,000 lambs. Spread over so vast a field, and with such diversified interests this proposition comes into the class of big things, and the mangement a "man's job." It was therefore a great privilege to meet and talk with the one who handles it so successfully.

The morning after my arrival brought an invitation to dinner from Mr. Burbury, and at 7:30 I stepped out from crude surroundings into an elegantly appointed home, where it was difficult to realize I was over 8,000 miles from New York. A genial company was present, and after dinner our host entertained us with some well worth while music on a high-toned pipe organ that would be a

Pittsburgh Coal Co.'s Competitor at Punta Arenas.

credit to a church or pretentious music hall. I was engaged in a game of bridge when the tender notes of "I know that my Redeemer liveth" came afloating in from the music room, and it was a good excuse for trumping my partner's ace. For the moment all thought of the present was forgotten, and I was back in the Carnegie Music Hall with Heinroth the last Saturday night I spent in Pittsburgh, for he then rendered this same masterpiece. The time to say "good-night" came all too soon, but it was my good fortune to enjoy three such evenings during my stay, and the memory of them makes me want to return. Nor must I forget my breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Nixon, and the little dinner and bridge party the following night, and, a few days later, my tea with Mr. and Mrs. McLean.

An introduction to Mr. Boyd of the Braun, Blanchard Company, brought a card to the English Club, with its pleasant lounge and genial company, and later he presented me to the general manager of the Menendez Company, who arranged for a visit to their coal mines. Their engine and "Pullman," in charge of the mine manager and superintendent were put at my disposal, and we were carried back into the hills over as desolate a stretch of country as there is on earth. It was formerly a vast forest, and the stumps and trunks of rotting trees added to the general desolation. At the first cut in the foot-hills we left the train

and examined a curious bank of shells; some places a solid mass ten feet thick, showing a mute evidence of the countless ages which have elapsed since it was the bed of the ocean. There were two feet of snow here, and at the mine it was four feet deep, with heavy drifts in places, through which we struggled to reach the upper opening of the mine. The coal is a low grade lignite about eight feet thick and was opened up in 1900, but was not worked successfully until after the war, for people would rather pay the difference for Welsh or Australian coal, so long as it was available. At the present time foreign coals are not to be had, so the mine is producing about 110 tons daily, which, being burnt with wood, supplies the needs of the town. It is at this time a good investment, as they get $7.00 per ton, and are able to keep twenty-eight miners at work. They are also having their labor troubles with demands calling for an adjustment; in fact there is as much disturbance in labor circles here as elsewhere, but the large factors hope to have it settled before the shearing season comes on, for then work must go on like clock-work or cause heavy loss. There are two freezing plants here, but they are small compared with the Explotodora and plants of Swift & Co., and Armour Co., further up the coast.

A TURN FOR THE BETTER.

CHAPTER XIII.

A whole boatload of good friends braved a driving snowstorm and a nasty sea to accompany us to the "Argentino," and in bidding farewell wished us better luck than we had coming down. Just before leaving shore, de la Concha gave us a "salute" in a bottle of Cliquot, so between the smiling friends and cheering glass we forgot the ugly weather. Then too we had the comforting thought that each day would bring us nearer sunshine and improved physical surroundings, but I will find no more real sunshine in the tropics than is found in the hearts of the people in this far-away city; and so they made it seem like springtime to me, although the hills all about us were white with snow. The storm let up before our friends left, and we were able to see the fluttering signals being waved for some time after we were under way. Nearing the shore of Terra del Fuego I was able to contrast the actual view with my preconceived notions of the place. I had pictured it a rugged volcanic surface, with smoke and fire coming out of countless craters and general desolation everywhere. What we actually saw was a vast rolling plain, with fair-sized hills, also smooth in outline,

in the background. It is called the "Land of Fire," but the only blaze in the entire island would be found in a shepherd's hut or campfire, and so another romance of youth is gone. Terra del Fuego is really a great pampas given over to the successful growing of sheep and guanacas, and there is not a giant on the island bigger than Donald McGrath, and he is only six feet two.

A starless winter night settled down, but for an hour after the cheerful glow of the city lights broke the dreariness of the scene. When the light faded, those of us from the States began to picture in our minds just how the glow from the lights of Broadway would impress us. The east coast line is totally unlike the western shore. That coast line was imposing at all times, and, seen from the viewpoint of a sailor, cruel in the extreme, with swift and uncertain currents, and almost constant gales. These gales keep a sea running which tests the nerves of timid people, and reduces the dining saloon expenses on ships plying these waters. Ever since leaving Panama I have found the Pacific the most unpacific proposition imaginable, and so will hail the troubled waters of the Atlantic with relief, for conditions could not be any worse. We are hoping for the best but are prepared for the worst, for the Jonahs are on board, this time four strong. Several of our passengers devoutly made the sign of the Cross and turned up their left coat sleeve when the padres came on board. I wish they had

some fetich which inspired more faith, for I do not have much confidence in the coat sleeve charm, but the "sacred sign" may save us from another Chiloe experience. This shore is well marked by lighthouses, and their guiding rays give a feeling of safety not felt when we sailed past the black, lightless shores of Western Patagonia. At ten o'clock this A. M. we "ran in on the tide" at Rio Gallegos. Let me explain this by saying there is a tide here rising from forty-eight to fifty-two feet, which means that shipmasters fix their time of entry and departure with great care. I went on shore in the first "Chatter," was met by Mr. Ericson of the Grace Company and taken off to the Hotel France, and there enjoyed a good breakfast in company with a Mr. Knight, whom I had met at the club in Punta Arenas. We had a pleasant hour, and then Mr. Ericson got a taxi and we visited the freezing plant of Swift & Co. Mr. Parkinson took us through the plant, giving us some interesting data as we journeyed with him.

It is not a large place, but they have a record of 5,500 sheep killed in one day, and their average during the season is around 3,000. No cattle or hogs are killed here. This immense slaughter is done by eighteen men, which means there is no time lost. Mr. Parkison tells me he has a man who can skin a carcass in two minutes, leaving the carcass and skin without a scar from the knife. The tide was out when we returned to the beach, leav-

ing a stretch of mud two hundred yards wide and we had an hour to wait before the scow could get in to us. The freight for here has been handled during the day, and high tide sent us on our way for Santa Cruz. This wee city is a miniature of Gallegos, with nothing specially attractive on shore. Our next stop was at St. Julian, but only for a brief stay. We had been out from this port but a few hours when passengers began to look cross-eyed at the padres, for it began to blow great guns. The ship was practically in ballast, and being light, she gave us an uncomfortable night. Groans from passengers and ship, with a constant hammer of the steering gear immediately overhead, further supplemented by a cross baby in the next cabin, made a fine combination. The storm battered for another thirty-six hours but the ship managed to reach anchorage at Commodor Rivadivia at noon today, and we found it real homelike. There are oil tanks and derricks all along the shore, and two ships are already here. We went on shore this afternoon to find a strike in full blast, and a local war threatened because the "winch-man" refuses to join the union. He is the only one within a radius of 300 miles capable of holding the job, but these loyal sons of the I. W. W. refuse to load a bale of wool that he hoists, so they are having something of a Russian situation here. The ship's cargo for this port is being gotten out with the help of the merchants and their clerks to whom it

A Patagonia Chief.

is consigned, but cargo for the ship must be left behind, however much the mills may need wool.

My good luck has deserted me for this trip, being berthed in a small cabin with another passenger. He is a very decent chap, but will abominate the room with local cigarette smoke, going to bed with one between his teeth, and the bath-room steward's call in the morning is a signal for another light-up. Coupled with this discomfort there is a "Heiney baby" in the next cabin, and the little beggar howls like a tomcat all night. My roommate swears very proficiently and thereby lifts the strain that would otherwise become unbearable; it acts as a counter-irritant. We are now ten days out from Punta Arenas, and not half way to our desitnation. As it is ordinarily a 10-days, trip, there is no doubt that we have a Jonah on board. Yesterday being Sunday the padres fitted up an altar in the smoking room and held service, but I am satisfied a more earnest prayer went up for fair weather than for the salvation of souls. During the night they reversed action if they were wise, for at midnight the wind changed and swept down on us in a gale that came within a fraction of sending us into collision with the sister ship which came to anchor near us yesterday. There was a wild panic on board for a few minutes, although there was no real danger, but there was more noise and excitement than when the Titanic went down. The captain was on the bridge bel-

lowing like the fabled bull of Bashan, which started some of our lady passengers into what my roommate termed "high-stericks" and, altogether, we had rather a lively session until the boat began to respond to the propellor, after which we got up anchor and pulled into a safe berth. We are there now, and by the look of things likely to stay here indefinitely. It is getting on my nerves a bit, because of the dreary, noisy, uncongenial crowd on board. I protested against the bunch of German officers who used to shatter my train of thought when they would settle down for a game of ecarte on the Burgomeister coming up the east coast of Africa, but they were whispering zephyrs of a star spangled tropical night compared with the Valparaiso gale when our South American contingent gets mixed up in a game of whiskey poker. My cabin being too small, the deck too windy, and the smoking room too noisy, my work suffers along with my patience and general nervous system. There is one source of endless entertainment, for which I am profoundly thankful. There are thousands of gulls here; big and little, black and white, gray and brown, while the young ones have a jacket of the most beautiful mauve with wings of deeper purple. They are certainly beautiful, both in color and graceful flight, and what a time they have when a scrap pan is emptied overboard? This is a signal for a wild scramble, and it is very funny to see some lucky fellow fasten

onto a big chunk of bread or meat and start on his wild flight for safety. But it is no use. No sooner does he sail aloft than he finds himself in the position of a football player making a touchdown. There is always a tackle resulting in the release of the bit of forage. If the bird is twenty-five feet above water when he is forced to let go, it is always caught on the fly, and the same evolutions gone through with again until the disputed capture is torn into pieces, and thereby fairly well distributed. An occasional "bone-breaker" comes on the scene, and then things are different. This so-called bone-breaker seems to be a cross between the gull and the albatros. It has nearly the same breadth of wing and the same stately flight, but is always dead black or brown in color. When one of these fellows sees a gull getting away with something edible he bears down on the poor little rascal like the black pirate he is, and in that case there is no effort made to catch it on the fly. The big bird makes good his claim by superiority of weight, and it is not unusual to see a ring of gulls around one of these fellows assailing him with hungry squawks and no doubt using gull language that would be classed as impolite, but not daring to get within reach of either beak or wing. Their was an half-hour entertainment this morning. The cook threw a piece of meat overboard that must have been three feet long. The gulls clustered over it as the tide carried it past the ship. There

were two pirate craft cruising in the offing, and the commotion on the water evidently excited their curiosity. The gulls were too busy to note the approaching danger, and in a moment there was a wild panic, leaving the black burglars in possession of the meat. They circled around for fully two minutes before either of them risked taking hold. Finally one made a grab and started up, but before he could get away, the other fellow caught the other end, and then the real fun began. It was a regular tug-of-war for a minute and then a scrap. They fought and tugged until the meat was torn apart, and each settled down to enjoy the feast he had fought so valiantly for.

There is something to be thankful for, even on this stupid voyage, there being no cracked graphophone on board, nor any aspirant for Galli Curci's job. The worst we have to contend with in this line is the constant effort of our "wireless" to whistle "Just one Girl." I bore it patiently for ten days, but reached the limit of my endurance one hour ago. I approached the misguided youth and in a solemn tone of voice told him that an early death was one of the saddest of earthly things, but that I would murder him in cold blood, whatever that term means, if I heard another note from him. The continued delay is getting on my nerves, and I can understand why men fight to a finish when snowbound in the far north, as described by Jack London and Rex Beach. The two

weeks spent on this ship has gotten me into a beautifully quarrelsome mood, for it is the least interesting journey I have ever made. The only break in the deadly monotony is when our South American contingent starts a poker game in the smoking room. My dear old Uncle kept many ducks when he farmed, and they were very noisy at feeding time. Well, I get into a far corner, close my eyes and for half an hour am a boy again at duck feeding time. The illusion is perfect, except the ducks stopped quacking when they got full, but when one of these ducks gets (a) full he simply blows up, if the other duck has four of a kind. I would give much for some one, male, female or neutral to walk and talk with, and thereby keep my brain from ossifying. Up to the present time any thought other than one touching on a rule in bridge or whiskey poker dies a swift death.

After five days' battle with the surf we managed to get our cargo on board at Rivadavia and headed up the coast on another leg of our journey. We are due at Buenos Aires today, and only a little over half way. Fortunately there is but one more intermediate port, so we will make good time from now on, for which everyone is duly thankful, for the whole outfit is rank; captain, crew, passengers, myself included. We are served with a menu that would stir rebellion in the heart of a Harlem goat if he were held down to it for seven consecutive meals, and after two weeks he would be will-

ing to eat Hearst's papers. We nosed into Madryn at 4 o'clock this afternoon and spent nearly two hours getting alongside the dock. Captain Hudgins would have laid her alongside in twenty minutes. But it is comforting to see a pier once more. This is the first pier since leaving Colon where it has been possible to go on shore without danger of a ducking or being storm-bound and marooned until the next steamer. A trip on shore this morning confirms all the weird stories told about Patagonian winds, and all future yarns will be accepted without question. A Scotch sheep farmer discovered a gorge on his place down which an exceptionally "cutting" wind always swept. With true Scotch thrift he conceived the idea of driving his sheep across the mouth of this gorge at shearing time, and was able to harvest his wool at no expense. There is a companion story to this, dealing with a certain very necessary surgical operation in connection with sheep farming, but that story has to be told. It cannot be written. There were some lingering doubts when these stories were told, but my visit in Madryn removed them completely. We walked, or rather battled our way, through the town, seeing nothing but a few scattered houses and stores with a background equal in desolation to the pampas of Bolivia. Later in the day we walked a mile or more along the beach, and it had real charm. Tide rows of sea weed mark the high water line, and it is

richly colored. Pink, yellow, blue, brown and every shade of green. All were blended into an harmonious color scheme, most pleasing to view. But my eyes are getting jaundiced and I fear I will be finding fault with even the "beauty of holiness" if this cruise lasts much longer. Some writer, trying to impress his readers with home values, has said, "Try doing without the morning headlines, hot and cold water of the free running variety, elevation, theatres, Christian food and your own language. Then think of a stack of wheats with maple syrup, honest-to-goodness butter, and a cup of coffee, with real cream that does not come from a tin cow; and now tell me if the dame with the torch does not seem rather alluring." I would like to hear what that chap would say along this line if he made a cruise around Patagonia. That famous dame would not only appear as the Goddess of Liberty, but the Goddess of everything good and beautiful. Much of our unrest is due to the endless delays we have been subjected to for months. There were people in Santiago who had waited seven weeks for a chance to get across the mountains, and they are there yet, for the pass is not yet open. Many of these fellows are on a commission basis, and their hearts must have grown sick seeing their profits going to the hotel sharks. Others have to give an account of their time and expense, and it is tragic to see them trying to make their reports clear and con-

vincing. One youngster said to me, "I will never make the old man believe I have spent six weeks in honestly trying to get over the mountains from Santiago. Unfortunately he knows how susceptible I am to pretty girls, and when I had been here a few days I wrote home saying the town was alive with them. I can just naturally see myself spending the balance of my commercial life in the shipping department."

Buenos Aires.

BUENOS AIRES.

CHAPTER XIV.

This morning the muddy green waters of the South Atlantic had given place to the yellow waters of "La Platte" but no land was in sight, for the river is 120 miles wide at this point. There was no bath this morning, for it recalled one made ready for me on my first visit to St. Louis. This was before the Chain of Rocks was in action, and that was another bath missed, for the water in both cases looked as if it had been shoveled into the tub and not gotten there by legitimate means. Nevertheless this same muddy water is a welcome sight, for it means we are nearing our destination, after all the weary days. We were supposed to sail from Valparaiso July fourth, and this is August twenty-fifth, making a record voyage for me of fifty-two days, and some of these fifty-two days will not soon be forgotten. Barring a pampero, we will dock this afternoon, and, speaking of pamperos reminds me of my last entrance into the mouth of this river. We had left St. Catherines, December eighteenth, thinking to give ourselves ample time to reach Montivideo in time for Christmas dinner. Word had been sent on to Evans, the ship chandler, weeks before instructing

him to have turkeys and all that goes with them to make up a real Christmas dinner, and we began to have visions of it before we had the anchor catted. We had scarcely cleared the channel before the wind hauled to the southwest and picked up half a gale. We were short of coal and were compelled to buck this nasty head wind and sea under sail. The ship (the old Hartford) was well handled, and at 8 P. M. of the twenty-fourth, when I went on duty, we were in these same muddy waters congratulating ourselves on the reasonable certainty of coming to anchor by 8 A. M. the next day. The wind had hauled to the southeast and we were bowling along in fine shape. Midshipman Taylor was on the fo'castle, and we were talking of other Christmas days, expressing the hope our next Christmas would be spent at home. Just then the sails began to quiver and belly in. Without waiting for Taylor I shouted, "All aback forward, sir," and for the next ten minutes it looked as if we had had our last Christmas dinner, unless Davy Jones had some arrangement for the celebration, for a pampero had hit us fairly in the teeth, and the old ship behaved very much like a drunken man trying to navigate on ice, but discipline was good, and my friend Woods was in charge of the quarter-deck. Proper orders were given and promptly executed, and in about ten minutes we were scudding before a living gale, all snug and secure, but alas, our Christmas dinner was a thing to be dreamed

of only during long watches of the night, and we made wry faces over the standard ship's grub the next day. My, how rank it was; not that it was really bad, but the contrast of our actual pork and beans to our fondly pictured turkey and plum pudding could not be otherwise than sad. It was the morning of the twenty-seventh before the gale blew itself out, but by crowding on all sail, and with a fair breeze we made port New Year's morning. We had the big dinner all right, but somehow it fell flat.

Much of this yellow water has gone down to the sea since that belated Christmas dinner, for it was nearly forty years ago. Many ships passed us during the day, and about one o'clock a trim Yankee five-masted schooner hove in sight, with our beautiful flag at the peak. It was a pleasing picture to those of us who had seen nothing but tramp steamers for months, and not many of them. We were soon between the line of buoys and slowly making our way to the narrow dock entrance. Before us was a scene very like the East river fifty years ago. There was a forest of masts and yards indicating everything from a four-mast full rigged ship to a single-stick lugger. The stars and stripes were flying from many of their mastheads, and let us hope our mis-representatives will not "legislate" it out of existence as they did before. As we warped into the dock I had a vivid recollection of my last landing here. We at that time anchored about

three miles from shore, and flat bottom boats came out for us. These were pushed in until they ran aground, which was fully fifty feet from the actual shore. Bull carts were backed out alongside our barges and we made our final passage, looking much like French revolution victims going to our fate in tumbrels. I have a very distinct recollection of the place where I landed, and when I described it to Mr. Kenney a few days later he was able to take me to the exact spot. The mud bank where boats grounded and bull carts backed out to take off passengers and cargo is today a beautiful sunken garden marking the terminal of the subway under Avenida de Mayo. The river is now nearly half a mile to the east, and faced with docks where ships of the world can load and unload speedily. Millions of tons of freight are handled here yearly, and it would be some considerable job for bull carts. Buenos Aires is better equipped to handle over-seas traffic than any sea port in America. This statement applies not only to docks and methods of handling freight, but to the splendid system of customs warehouses all along the water front. The dock improvement is in keeping with the general progress made by the city and in the political situation. If my memory serves me right there were four revolutions in 1879, one president shot, and much blood shed throughout the year. Today there is a stable government, and this fact was never more manifest than at the present time, for no one

has a good word for the President. In 1879 a man as unpopular as Senior Irigoyen would have to conduct affairs of State in a bomb-proof cellar. The one bright page in the annals of his administration is the active and efficient manner in which the Bolshevik movement has been handled. It was a "little Petrograd" around here in January of this year. The "Reds" made their open boasts, saying they intended to "take over the government" with the promise of "no work" and plenty of money to their followers. Senior Irigoyen very promptly got out the machine guns and used them effectively, cleaning up some eight hundred of the sinners. This was followed by an active search for and capture of the ringleaders. These embryo Lenines and Trotskys were promptly stockaded and a short time afterward a shipload of Patriots (?) were on their way back to Russia, Spain and Italy. There are between two and three thousand lesser lights gathered together in the same compact fold ready for a free ocean trip, but they have expressed a change of heart, and are pleading for mercy, with many promises of good behavior and obedience to the law. However, they are keeping them penned long enough to allow their good resolutions to take root. And right here we may get a suggestion for the proper dealing with our I. W. W.'s and other "I wont workers." My physical condition has kept me from investigating many things of interest, but one cannot traverse these streets without being

deeply impressed by the greatness of the city. It is really big in every sense of the word. In many respects Florida street will compare favorably with Fifth avenue. The street unfortunately is very narrow, but the shop appointments and stocks are high grade. The department store of Harrods carries a line of goods equal to Wanamaker and their window display is always artistic. Jewelry stores are numerous, and specially notable, as their window shows are dazzling. A gala night at the Grand Opera would necessitate blinkers, for the Argentine ladies must rival the consorts of our steel kings in their jewelled splendor. There are several business streets lined with attractive stores, and the shopping district is thoroughly metropolitan. But the most interesting and numerous commercial feature, at least to the stranger, is the countless vendors of lottery tickets. There are hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of places where tickets are on sale, but the vendors do not pester one, as they do in Havana and Panama. The next most important business seems to be the "Cambio" shops, but there is an unholy reason for the money changers, for money is brought in from nearby states of Chili, Paraguay, Uraguay and Brazil, with more or less coming from the United States, and England, so it is the money changers paradise. There is a private bank on San Martin street conducted by Pasqual Brothers, and it is well worth seeing. Usually there is around $50,000 in gold coin and bullion stacked up in the

"thin" glass window, and inside, back of the counter, is a shelf running the full length of the room. This shelf is piled with currency from the several nearby States, in about the same reckless profusion one would expect to see if the "dinero" were carrots and green peas. I never passed the place without speculating on what would happen some quiet afternoon if this place was located on State street or Dearborn street in Chicago. The streets are narrow, which would interfere somewhat with the get-away, but some of the former residents of San Quentin would negotiate the deal in some way. If that window was in New York or Chicago, it would have to be protected by two-inch manganese steel bars, and even then the contents would not be safe. The streets in the old section of the city are extremely narrow, making one-way traffic necessary, and even then the traffic is fearfully congested. But the city has already begun a scheme to correct this evil. Every fourth street is to be made into a boulevard as cash in the city treasury becomes available, and strange to say, owners of property along these selected streets are showing a patriotic spirit, wherein they again differ from our beloved fellow-citizens, for I feel sorry for the tax-payers of Pittsburgh if they decided to widen Fifth avenue or Smithfield street. They already have a number of these splendid avenues, such as de Mayo, Callao, Entre Rios and the wide streets through Palermo, all of which

are well paved, well lighted, and most pleasing to the eye. The street car service is very good considering the handicap of crowded streets, and the cars are scrupulously clean. Although coal costs about $30.00 per ton and everything entering into the maintenance of the road is abnormally expensive here, yet they are able to pay the city twelve and one-half per cent on their earnings, declare a satisfactory dividend to their stockholders, and at the same time carry passengers ten miles for a fraction over four cents. This fare holds good in the subway also, and it is the very best transportation, either under or over ground, I have ever seen, and this statement is unqualified.

"Aida" was booked at the Colon, Saturday afternoon, and by imagining myself a millionaire for the time being, I attended. Fortunately, considering my expense account, all the choice seats were sold, so I paid only $10.00 for an uncomfortable, neck-twisting nook in the sixth floor circle. By using my overcoat for a "lift" in the way of a cushion and putting a half turn in my neck, I was able to get a fairly good view of the stage, but it was like looking down into the Grand Canon from the El Tovar balcony. The stage setting for Aida was the most elaborate I ever beheld; the scene showing the return of Radames being simply gorgeous. Wonderful snow-white horses attached to the chariot, and coal black ones under stately warriors, whilst the priest's robes were rich beyond

description. I found the same weakness, however, that is noticeable with us, and that is the ragged, irregular movement of the ballet. The chorus girl in both North and South America absolutely refuses to work, evidently thinking a well turned ankle and a perfect thirty-six fills the bill. Senor Grassi as Radames was a bit stagy, but Roggio in the role of Amonasro carried the difficult role with dramatic skill. When Claudia Nunzio appeared in the title role the building almost rocked with the wild applause, and it was fully merited. I have heard many great artists in this role, but not one ever sang it as she did.

Some weeks later I had the privilege of inspecting the opera house through the courtesy of Mr. Kenney; he being one of the managing directors I was shown every detail of the building, and it being closed for the season we were permitted to see it from roof to cellar. They had not yet begun to renovate it when we went through, and yet it had the appearance of having just been overhauled. The people take great pride in keeping it in perfect condition, and although it is twelve years old it has never been redecorated. There are six galleries, the lower three being divided into 158 stalls. On the left-hand side, facing the stage, the second and third circles terminate in a palatial box reserved for the president of the republic and his friends. A similiar box opposite is assigned to the mayor and his family. A novel feature is noted

in five screened boxes on each side of the lower circle, where people, suffering from some recent bereavement, and not wishing to be seen in public, can attend and be absolutely secluded. The building seats 3,200 persons, and every seat was occupied the afternoon I attended. Another novel feature is the arrangement whereby the entire floor can be raised to the level of the stage in twelve minutes. In one hour the chairs can be removed, thereby producing the finest banquet hall in the world. This reconstruction is seldom made, but it was done when Roosevelt visited the city several years ago. The stage itself covers as much space as an ordinary theatre, and is 250 feet from top to bottom. A frame work at the top carries cords from which can be suspended 160 screens. There are complete sets of dressing rooms on the three floors surrounding the stage. Men on one side and women on the other, and this rule holds good even if man and wife are in the same cast. The genial old superintendent allowed us to go through the property rooms where outfits are kept to stage sixty operas. This includes over 7,000 pairs of shoes, and these outfits are complete in minute detail.

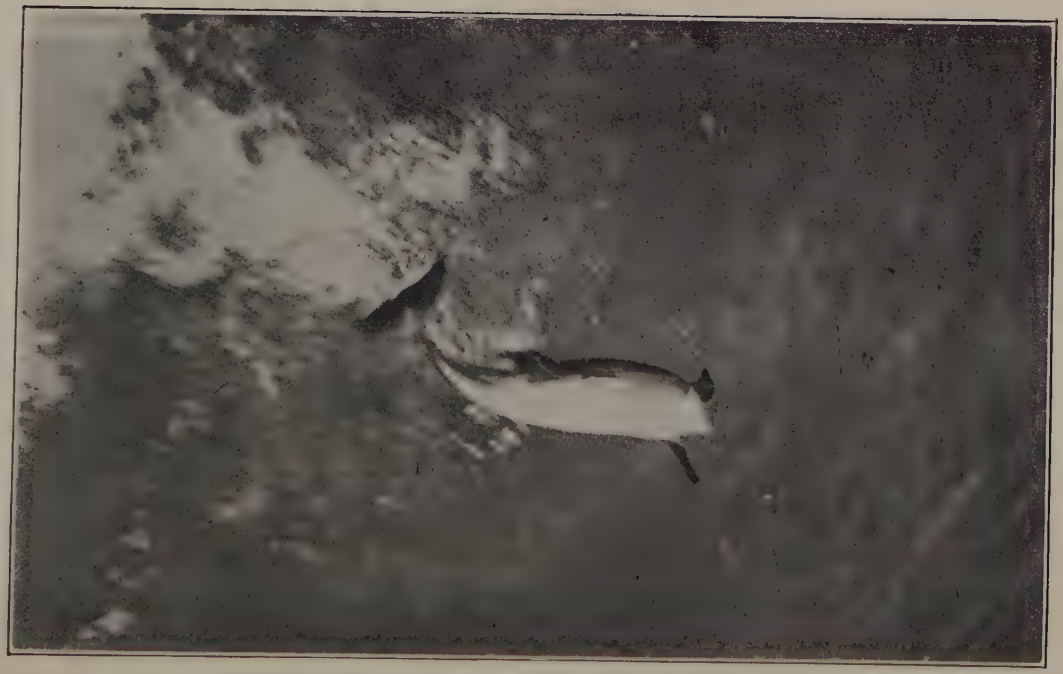
OLD MEMORIES.

CHAPTER XV.

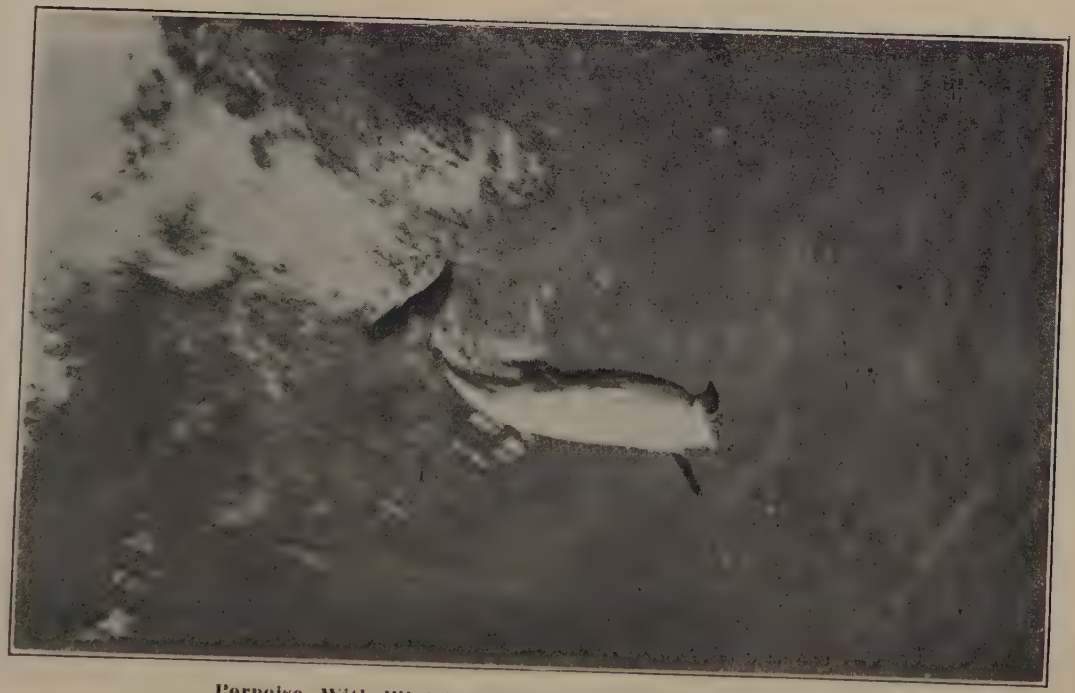
My good friends, Kenny, Pierce, Russell, Lee and Old Mexico came to the station to bid me good-bye, and so kindly was their "God-speed" I felt a real desire to visit them again, although my stay in Buenos Aires was marked by the greatest physical suffering I have ever had to endure. What appeared to be only an insignificant pimple on the back of my neck proved to be a vicious case of anthrax, and for a while it was a neck-and-neck race between the "Pale Horseman" and myself. He would have won had it not been for the marvelous care given me by Mrs. Hampton, who refused to allow me to be taken to the hospital. She had me taken to her home instead, where she nursed me day and night for fifteen days, never leaving the house during that time, and scarcely leaving me. It was one of the most heroic cases of Christian service I have ever known. It was purely unselfish, for my only claim upon her was a formal letter of introduction to her husband from Dunbar of the Ford plant in Pittsburgh, and it was heroic, for although I was as dangerous to touch as a leper, she cared for me and helped to dress the wound when the sight of it must have been enough

to make a strong man faint. Dr. Roffo told me after my recovery that he had a case not nearly so severe as mine, and he had the greatest difficulty getting a nurse. My debt to these dear people can never be repaid. My throat is still bandaged, and I look ready to take part in an "Apache waltz," but I am very much alive, and duly thankful, for statistics show that only five per cent recover from the beastly disease. Down here they call it the "grande mal" and I can vouch for it being properly named, for it is the "big sickness" all right.

There have been ten weeks of terrible suffering, but tender friendships shown me during that period fully compensated. There was another incident brought about by my illness, and the story is well worth telling. I was invited to tell the American Club something about Buenos Aires forty years ago. When the talk ended a gentleman came across the room and said, "So this is J. Frank Lanning, Well, I have been searching the town over for you, and have just cabled New York saying you could not be found. I have something of interest to you." He then took a cablegram from his pocket and handed it to me. It read; "Lampman, Buenos Aires. We understand our friend J. Frank Lanning is seriously ill in an emergency hospital in Buenos. Look him up and render any service possible." Signed Worthington Pump Company, Jones. What a wonderful old world it is, and how big its heart is if we can only



Porpoise, With Pilot Fish Getting Free Transportation.



Porpoise, With Pilot Fish Getting Free Transportation.

touch it? There have been countless good Samaritans since the story of the first one was told by the Master.

There is special steamer train on sailing days that makes no stops, so we reached the docks in good shape. The "Highland Laddie: was tied up alongside the storage house of the Swift plant and busy loading frozen quarters of beef and carcasses of mutton. Our train backed down alongside, and we were glad to find ourselves on board an English ship once more. Lines were cast off at 5 P. M., and we steamed slowly out of the canal to the river, heading for Montevideo and anchored inside the breakwater at 7 o'clock the next morning. This place calls to mind some sensational events worth noting. Forty years ago there was no breakwater here, and ships anchored in the open roadway, exposed to the pampero, which livens things up from time to time in these waters. I was sent on shore with the paymaster one afternoon for coin of the realm to meet the payroll. We were delayed nearly two hours, and it was blowing a fitful gale when we left the mole. Returning we got within three hundred yards of the ship when the storm proper hit us. The oars were twisted out of our men's hand as if they had been taken hold of by giants, and the boat was driven helplessly onto the beach. While yet some fifty yards from shore we capsized, dumping men and money overboard. Fortunately the money was in

coin and in a net with buoy attached, and the men all good swimmers, so we reached shore safely. It was three days before the gale let up so we could salvage our "dinero" and get back to the ship. During our three days on shore, not having anything better (or worse) to do, I had gotten mixed up in a "Blanco Negro" game, which resulted in my share of the recovered coin being promptly handed over to the paymaster, who was too wise to join the game himself, but was willing to stake me, taking my I. O. U.'s for the amount. This same port one year later was the scene of a tragedy on our ship. The "Hartford" had left Hampton Rhoads two years before with one of the most vicious crews that had been gotten together since the civil war. This fact was emphasized by a conversation had with Admiral Nicholson last June in Valparaiso. He was attached to the "Hartford" when I reported for duty, but was transferred before she sailed for South America, and in discussing the transfer he announced the fact that he was "damn glad he did not have to sail with that bunch of pirates." It was a tough set, no doubt that, but they were made far more vicious by having over them an executive officer whom the naval authorities should have sent back to St. Croix, where he originally came from, and hooked him up with one of his native bull carts, making his mission in life hauling sugar cane, instead of being placed in charge of a turbulent force. He tried

to adopt the same methods with his crew he had used in dealing with his father's bulls and peons, hence the sequel. Trouble was brewing before we left Norfolk, and it was no wonder Nicholson expressed satisfaction at being shifted to another berth. There was no lack of discipline, but there was a painful lack of mutual understanding between some of the officers and the crew. Our captain was one of the best of men, and we had two or three capable officers like Lieutenant Wood, but against them stood our executive officer and a watch officer, whose personal welfare was not held in tender regard by the other officers or crew. This chap had won a commission during the Civil War, and by some political pull had been carried on with rank of lieutenant. He was a watch officer, and his turn in charge of the deck was sure to occasion muttered curses from the crew, for even in running down the trade winds when weather conditions were absolutely changeless, he would come on duty at midnight, and take charge of a lot of sleepy-heads that had been routed out from comfortable hammocks to find almost as comfortable resting places on the ship's deck, for they could sleep anywhere, the weather being warm. Sometimes he would allow two bells to strike before the spirit of evil would manifest itself, but then it would be "tell the boatswain's mate to get the watch aft and take in slack of weather main brace." Sometimes they would get as

much as one and one-quarter inch, but it would serve his purpose of waking up two hundred peaceful sleepers with its attendant grumble and touch of hate. Soon as we reached our station the refinement of petty cruelty on the part of our executive officer began to be felt. Unduly severe punishment was inflicted for minor offenses, and this was followed by restrictions and interferences with time-honored naval customs, which culminated in an order to the sailmaker to construct a lot of small canvas bags about the size of a stocking. When these were completed general quarters for inspection was called, with men at their stations with all their earthly possessions before them. A posse accompanied the executive with instructions to gather up all the "ditty boxes" and hand out one of the little pokes. Some of these boxes were works of art, made of costly woods, beautifully inlaid, and were treasured by their owners, besides being a great convenience for holding their toilet articles, sewing outfits, and making a comfortable seat when reading or making their clothing repairs. It was pitiful to watch the expression on men's faces when they saw these treasures being emptied out and hearing the order for demolishment. Things began to happen immediately after this event, and some weeks later a liberty party went on shore at Montevideo with more than the usual number of drunks when they returned. That night about ten o'clock the

quartermaster's attention was called to things dropping over the ship's side into the water, and after reporting it to the officer of the deck, he was sent down to the gun deck to see what was going on. There he found a number of men busily engaged stripping the guns of all loose material and dropping it out the portholes. Hurrying back to the upper deck he reported to the officer and general quarters was immediately sounded. Everything was in confusion, and it was quite sometime before the crew was gotten to their assigned places. It was then discovered that all the nine inch guns on the gun deck had been practically dismantled. What the men's object was in doing this no one could tell, except it was the only way they saw to register their dissatisfaction. It terminated in the arrest and trial of some twenty odd of the ringleaders, and a sentence in Auburn prison of from two to twenty years for them. Before means were found to send them north, four of them jumped over board in a foolish effort to get on shore, and two of them were drowned; their bodies being found two days later, and so ended the only mutiny I ever had to do with. The incident came back to me vividly as I looked out over the familiar scene. Montevideo, like all South American cities, shows much development, as it is beautified by public plazas and artistic buildings, with every evidence of progress and prosperity, and the personal relation with the United

States is closer and kindlier than any one of the countries I have visited; although nothing but the greatest courtesy has been shown me throughout my journey. It would have pleased me to spend sometime here, but many days had been lost and matters of importance waited my attention in Brazil, so, after a two-days' stay, we headed for Rio. As the darkness came on the lights of the city flashed out over the waters, reminding me of Atlantic City in the midsummer season, and for a moment I wished it had been, for that dame holding aloft the torch of Liberty would look mighty good to me just now.

Four days later the headlands at the entrance of Rio harbor came in view, but a haze hung over it all, which spoilt the wonderful picture. As we neared the Sugar Loaf we saw the cage passing along the aerial line to its top, and decided that was a trip we would surely take. It was dark before the port formalities were gotten through with, and I was in the chief steward's cabin when the barge left for shore. It looked as if there would be some trouble getting off the ship, but the vegetable launch came alongside and I negotiated passage on her. Before she was ready to leave a rain and wind storm came up, and we all got a thorough ducking on the way. Some of my good friends who came on shore on the barge expected to hear from me next in London. The water-front was lit up, and had undergone an entire change

leaving not one familiar feature. What had been the natural shore in the old days had been built up with modern docks, and the lightless landing of those days has been turned into an attractive plaza. A taxi soon carried me into an avenue, that for brilliance and beauty would compare with anything of its kind in the world. It was wonderful to note, for this same stretch of street was but little better than a country lane when I passed along it the last time, and doubtless the same marvelous improvement will be found throughout the city.

SAO PAULO AND SANTOS.

CHAPTER XVI.

I decided to visit Sao Paulo and Santos at once, so booked passage on the "de Lux" leaving Rio at 9:30 P. M., and found a well-equipped train of corridor Pullmans with two-berth compartments. My companion was evidently a bit nervous and wanted to prepare for an emergency, for he was in bed with all his clothes on, and his shoes close at hand. I got into the thinnest of pajamas, and found the place hotter than the oft referred to hinges of the nether world. I am partial to summer, but was nearly parboiled for two hours. By that time we began to climb, and the compartment cooled off a bit. Later a blanket was required. If the chap had been comfortable in the early stages of the ride, he must have felt the need of a fur rug before we reached Sao Paulo. There was no taxi at the station, so a deal was made with an antiquity consisting of a vehicle, a pair of horses and a gray-headed negro; all of whom were probably born the same year. Of course antiques come high, which is why the rate was 5,000 reis, but the old negro looked as if he might have come from "down home," and that was some compensation. Sao Paulo is a real business center. Factory chimneys on all sides,

and great terminal warehouses, where coffee, the leading staple, is stored ready for shipment to Santos. This is the coffee center of Brazil, and if we could get the brew served in the States as it is served here, we would not miss the highballs, for it is simply delicious. Sao Paulo is a city of 500,000 inhabitants, and 300,000 of her citizens are Italians and their artistic taste is shown in the beautiful homes and grounds. There is nothing in Southern California or Porto Rico to compare with the private gardens here. At the Paulista Institute on Avenida Paulista there is a tree fully forty feet high, and it is literally covered with bouganvilla vine that makes it a veritable mountain of purple glory. Nor can lilies be found in such profusion except in South Africa. In fact the entire city is a flower garden. There is quite an American colony here, and an American Chamber of Commerce, which is doing good work in the way of establishing cordial relations in the commercial field. A branch of the Y. M. C. A. is active here, and doing fine work.

Saturday, November fifteenth, is the Brazillian Fourth of July, and I accepted an ivitation from their secretary to accompany the association on their picnic to Santos. A special train left at 7:15 A. M., and we had the privilege of riding over the famous cable road down the mountain. The train is dropped down a sharp incline by wire ropes for nearly two thousand feet, and it would have been

a wonderful trip had not a dense fog settled down over the mountains just as we left the summit. Only veiled glimpses were caught of the picturesque surroundings, but they made our hearts ache because a full view was denied us.

Santos is greatly improved, and it is now a reasonably healthy city, but forty years ago it was a veritable pesthouse. If I remember correctly there were sixteen ships lying at anchor in the harbor. Yellow fever was epidemic, and those who had not died had deserted, leaving not even a caretaker on one of those ships. It was a desolate scene, and we were glad to get away. In those days barges were loaded on the river front and towed out to the ships at anchor, but the river boat for the beach carried us past fine docks with great ocean steamers tied up alongside. All the ships were decorated with flags of every color, and made a gay scene. Our boat carried us to the other side of the river, and there we boarded a little open-car dinky train that carried us across a mangrove swamp and through an immense banana grove to the beach. It is quite a resort and has one of the finest bathing beaches in the world. Blue water comes tumbling in over snow-white sand, and makes a perfect summer resort picture. A very large hotel faces the beach, and is well patronized throughout the year. One of the attractions is a Monte Carlo section. A large room is fitted up with all the known means of tempting fickle fortune, and the roulette wheel

gets a hot box every night, because it is kept going at such a pace. Being the Y. M. C. A. bunch we naturally avoided getting mixed up in any of the games, but we all went in to look it over, and were entertained by a story of a big killing the night before, being told that Senor Somebody had carried off six million reis as his winnings after three hours play; but had it been six million dollars it would not have tempted me, for I passed up these propositions years ago. The day passed very happily, and we returned to Santos at six o'clock. I had joined a delightful group, and thinking we had ample time we made our way to the station through the town instead of by the water front, thereby losing perhaps five minutes. That five minutes, however, was just enough to make us miss the train by a scant sixty seconds, and it was pitiful to see the expression of despair that spread over us when we were told that there was no other train until six in the morning. Mrs. E. had a comb, a towel (that had been used at the beach) and a powder puff. These were all the toilet articles in possession of the crowd of six, and we naturally felt it was impossible for us to stay all night, so we held a council of war, and decided on an automobile trip. A scouting party was sent out with instructions to get a car that could and would make the trip, and to catch the breath of the driver. We agreed to admit a touch of garlic, but nothing beyond that in the way of arti-

ficial stimulation. The combination was found in due time at a cost of 150,000 reis, and then it was we wished the lucky winner of the night before was of our party so we could stick him for the price, but we gladly paid and were soon settled for the trip. I was on the back seat with a charming girl on each side, and certainly did plead for them to "sit close please," when we began to climb the mountain, for being dressed in regulation summer apparel, my appeal was based on necessity. The journey was made without the least discomfort, in fact it ended all too soon, as my plea brought forth a kindly response. It was a weird ride, for the night was inky black, with a bank of clouds hanging over the mountains, and this blackness was made more intense by fitful flashes of lightning. There are some pronounced hairpin curves in the mountains of Porto Rico and along the canon walls of the Yosemite, but we rounded at least two points on this trip that would make the worst curve in Porto Rico look like nothing more than a bend in a well balanced race course. I am not a nervous party by any means, but am free to confess a feeling of relief when the machine stopped standing on the left hind wheel in its effort to get around a corner.

It has been a strenuous day, and even my west coast pillow of pitiless stone was restful, and I was soon dreaming of sailing around in an airplane, accompanied by two charming angels. One

of the young ladies who was with the party at Santos came to the hotel last night, and later we went to her home. It was a short distance and we walked. Mr. E. and I were walking behind the ladies and he told me we were in the "submerged" district. This was surprising for the houses were very attractive. After leaving the young lady at her door we made a tour through the section, and found it a fine residential quarter. Side by side with elegant homes of noted people and well-to-do citizens, were the dens of vice. Broad, uncurtained windows held from two to five decorated dames alert to flag any possible client who might pass by. It was either too early in the evening or else trade was slow, for there did not seem to be room for any more samples in the windows. We walked slowly, taking in perhaps ten blocks on our journey, and were able to study the types briefly. Several windows were full of Japanese, and others were evidently European, but native women were not in evidence. The Poles and Slavs seem to dominate the class. Nearly every block has a policeman in or near the center, so he can watch the situation from a vantage point. It was a glaring exhibition of vice, and I doubt if its like can be found except in the Orient. There is a segregated section given over to this world-old traffic in Montevideo, and we made a tour through it one night, but the window display was conspicuous for its absence; the curtains being carefully drawn,

but another method was practiced. We found the door panels had peep holes bored through, and we could see the eyes of the inmates watching through. When we would stop in front of one of these doors a blooming racket would immediately start up. They would pound on the door and in one instance a cow bell was vigorously rung. "Old Mexico" took exception to this, saying it was too suggestive of the beast. Two or three doors were cautiously opened, and a liberal display of diaphanous covered bodies was shown, but if this is seen by the police there is trouble due in that particular emporium. Between the two cities the lesser evil is likely in Montevideo, for the utterly sordid atmosphere in the latter city tends to lessen the desire for that class of entertainment, but there is that which is more or less alluring in the attractive display of this city. I did not see any of the questionable quarter in Buenos Aires, and do not think it exists as found here, but the traffic goes on just the same. Before leaving Buenos Aires I visited a famous (?) joint, having a world-wide reputation. It is known as Pigalles, and is the upper floor of a music hall. Here the girls engage in open bids on the market, approaching and hanging on to a prospective customer tenaciously until they close a deal or see it is hopeless. Of the three cases noted, this latter is the most pitiful, for one would listen to the appeal and note the expression of weary despair when it was found

in vain. There are many complaints from ladies in Buenos Aires, saying they were constantly being annoyed on the street, and this is largely due to the prevailing style of dress. Some of my readers will recall the play "Johnny Get Your Gun," and remember that Johnny came to New York when our ladies had just adopted the short skirts. After being in the city for three weeks a friend met him on the street one day and said, "Johnny, what do you think of the New York sky-line?" "Sky-line," said Johnny, "What do you mean, sky-line?" "Why," said his friend, "the irregular, but picturesque tops of the buildings." "Gee whiz," said Johnny, "I have not been able to get my eyes over eighteeen inches above the ground since I have been in New York." Well, Johnny could have lifted his gaze at least five inches nearer the sky-line any afternoon he chose to walk along Avenida Florida. This sort of a thing, in a measure, justifies men in taking liberties with women, for such a display is a bid for an approach. A very amusing story was told me along this line, and is well worth repeating. A very charming American lady, a recent bride, by the way, of the export manager of a well known Rochester establishment, was walking along Avenida de Mayo. I might mention, in passing, that she wears only the most modest of dresses, but she was joined by one of the curb lizards. Thinking he had made a conquest, he doffed his hat and stood before her smiling,

evidently under the impression he was to receive her card. Getting out her purse she handed him a peso, at the same time expressing regret that a man of his type should be reduced to the necessity of begging on the street. He dropped the peso as if it had been a super-hot potato, and with a muttered carambo continued his walk in search of someone with not so keen a sense of humor.

Where The "Genii" Dwell.

WHERE THE "GENII" LIVE.

CHAPTER XVII.

My contact with the trade in Sao Paulo was limited, in that many of the factories are owned and managed by Italians, and the feeling is rather bitter against the States just at this time because of our Government's attitude in the Fiume episode. This was a matter of profound regret, for the city is the center of manufacturing in Brazil, and a visit to many plants would have furnished interesting data. I talked with men other than Italian to find a feeling of contempt, poorly concealed at times, because of our political attitude. And this feeling was very pronounced when word came that Congress had adjourned without the Peace Treaty being signed, thereby putting us just back of Bolivia, and in the same class as Siam, from the viewpoint of the great world, instead of being the leaders, as we should be, and would have been had we not been in the hands of a bunch of petty tin-horn politicians, who would send the world to the devil in order to gratify their ambition, or put a crimp in the other party.

The return trip to Rio was pleasant, as a heavy rain the night before had cooled the atmosphere and settled the dust. I was up early, and after

coffee sat in the lounge car for two hours looking out upon a scene like the Porto Rican foot-hills and distant mountains, but less beautiful. Just outside the city of Rio a familiar sign brought me to attention, for it read in big letters "Middletown Car Co.," and for a moment I half expected to hear the brakeman announce "Harrisburg the next station, change cars for Reading and the Cumberland Valley; this train for Pittsburgh and the west." But there was no announcement as we quietly drifted into the big up-to-date station at Rio. The next day was a general holiday, being one of the many feast days so numerous in these countries, and I accepted an invitation from Mr. Tribe, president of the First National Bank of Boston in Buenos Aires, to accompany Mrs. Tribe and himself on a trip to Tejuca. The start was made at 2 o'clock, and in thirty minutes we were clear of the city, and starting our upward climb, past beautiful suburban homes, built on sites overlooking the city and bay, presenting a picture one would never weary of. We travelled a well-built road, heavily wooded on either side, which shut out the view of everything except the blue sky above until we came to the falls. This is a little gem, and we spent some time absorbing its charm. Soon after leaving the falls we came out upon a level spot that had been cleared, so we had a view of the city from an altitude of about 2,000 feet, but the valley was veiled in a haze of purple that

perhaps added to the general beauty, but interfered with the detail, and an effort to get a photo was a failure. This is the highest point on the mountain road and leaving, we began to descend on the other side. Half way down we stopped to inspect the massive boulders thrown together at that point. They are much like the noted masses found at Ironton, Missouri, being as numerous and equal in size. A noisy river finds its way by and beneath this picturesque group and on to the great ocean, the music of which comes up to us as an accompaniment to the song of the river. At the base of the mountain we came out upon a road cut in the face of granite walls, with the blue waters of the Atlantic breaking on the white surf far below us. We rode for miles along this wonderful road finally reaching Copacabana. On this side we passed some rock faces similiar to the granite walls of the Yosemite, but these almost perpendicular walls were covered with a curious cacti, which had twisted themselves into interrogation points and shorthand hieroglyphics, making a curious picture. Copacabana is the immediate seaside resort of Rio, and is happily situated, with its background of noble mountains and curved beach of snow-white sands, washed by the waters of the broad Atlantic, untainted by sewage and other filth of the city, and so makes an ideal bathing resort, when the surf is not too heavy. Many attractive homes are built here, and many of the

American colony live here throughout the year. A tunnel is cut through from Flamingo on the west side of the Sugar Loaf, and a street car line serves the citizens. Passing the tunnel a series of six curved beaches mark the approach to the city, each one with its special mountain background and handsome villas. This drive would bring exclamations from the least enthusiastic of mortals, for it is unsurpassed in all the world for pure beauty of mountain, shore and sea. The lights were being lit as we turned into Botofogo, and from there on brilliant lights were reflected in the waters and flashed like fireflies through the dense foliage ahead. Much has been written about the Tejuca trip and it is very fine, but there are many drives which surpass it, and the view from the plateau will in no way compare with the picture seen from Corcovado, for from this commanding peak one looks out upon all that makes for beauty. I have watched the sun go down from the crater rim of Vesuvius and caught my breath in ecstacy, and stood on the summit of Mount Hamilton and watched the big fog bank roll in from the Pacific, and be touched by the glory of the rising sun turning it into an opal sea, dotted with magic isles, but when one stands on the edge of the jutting peak of Corcovada and looks out over the matchless scene of curving beach and granite rock, of fairy islands in a magic bay, a toy city sheltered by mighty mountains, some of them grim and bare and pon-

derous, others like the organ range in the west, sending up sharp point surpassing the dolemites of the Italian Alps, all other visions pale into insignificance. Turn the eyes in any direction and unearthly beauty is in view; beauty of sky and cloud and mountain bay and island, and the misty blue of the broad Atlantic. This is a place where people keep still, or speak in subdued whispers, for the genii are all about, and God Himself seems very near. Some one with an artist's soul and using Kipling's lines as an inspiration, has seen Rio, as I see it, and gives his impressions so cleverly I venture to quote him, and regret his name is not given, so I could know this seer of beautiful visions and dreamer of beautiful dreams, as he must be, if he dwells on the hillside of Botofogo

"Where the sea-egg flames on the coral, and the long-back breakers croon,
Their endless ocean legends to the lazy locked lagoon."

—Rudyard Kipling.

"It is difficult to explain the seductive charm of Rio de Janeiro. Certain places hold one by the sense of remoteness; others by a spell of natural and near-by beauty. Rio is one of those cities which combines the old and the new, in such an atmosphere of tropical splendor and color as to make an unforgettable impression. It is an ex-

ample of tropic-clad statuary of Nature at her best. There is something quieting and beautifully magic about the waters in Rio Bay. Outside of imagination, there is nothing elsewhere to approach its charm, and he who dwells here long enough is like one who dreams.

"In every direction one may look there are mountains, and a prodigal luxury of verdant hills, one rising beyond another and all seeming to be pushing forward as if to keep in view the sparkling, smiling waters of the peerless bay. In well-nigh every inlet a cluster of low houses, with their stucco walls and brown tiled roofs, furnish the exact colour shades of white and dull rose to blend with and not to jar the deep green of the hills beyond. Here and there a stately royal palm is silhoutted on a jutting promontory against the perpetual summer sky, keeping one mindful that he is living near the equator.

"Every tiny cove is fringed with an arc of white sandy beach, upon which brown-faced children play. Great boulders rise out of the sea here and there as though they, too, were loath to lose the beauty of the scenes above them; and lest they mar the effect, they cover their tops with rich foliage and rim their water lines with green sea moss.

"And now the soft tropical twilight is falling over the bay. The salt air blows warm but fresh upon one's face; the beat of the great ocean's heart can

be counted more distinctly as the evening silence falls, and the surf moves further up the sandy shore. The lights come out from distant Rio like fitful fireflies, first flitting here and there, then becoming more steady in their myriad radiance. On many a rocky inlet a lighthouse begins to twinkle intermittently, red, white—red, white.

"The bells of evening come faintly to the ear, borne across the water from a small hamlet church on a distant curve of the bay; the night winds sing overhead in the eaves of the palms and tamarinds, and the soft-sounding sea that guards Rio takes you in its arms like a mother her tired child at night, to soothe and bid you forget all care."

My first visit to Rio was in December 1877, and we only remained in the harbor long enough to get our mail, for the city at that time was a pest hole, almost as fatal as Panama or Guayaquil. At that time thirty-two ships were lying at anchor in the bay with not even a caretaker on board their crews either being dead or had deserted in fear of the fatal fever. We did not anchor, and as soon as our carbolic soaked mail was on board we headed for the south, spending the summer months at Montevideo and Buenos Aires. June found us back here, and although the fever still prevailed we were willing to risk it in order to enjoy the city, which, even at that time, was beautiful. That fever was still prevalent was soon proven, for one July afternoon when I was on boat duty, the barge was

called away, and brought alongside the port gangway. In a few minutes the doctor came over the side with what was evidently a very sick man. We landed him where the yellow fever flag was flying and after we got him on shore and started back to the ship I said, "Say, Doctor, what is that chap suffering from?" "Yellow fever," was the reply, and I nearly fell overboard from sheer fright. In five minutes I had every symptom of the plagued thing, and was honestly sick by the time we got on board. However, I bucked up and determined I would not report for the hospital until the last minute. I was on boat duty for the 9 P. M. trip and made it, but to this day I do not know how I did it. We had half an hour to lay at the mole before returning to the ship, and as soon as we got alongside I sent one of the boys up to the New York Hotel, which stood near the water front, with orders to buy a quart of cognac, and have the cork pulled. When he returned I got busy with that bottle. When breathless I rested and had another pull, and remember saying, "Here boys, finish this," and the next conscious moment was an awakening with a case of well-known headache, but all other symptoms of the fever had disappeared, and although we buried several of our men, all fear of the tropical pest had left me.

What in these days was the narrow and dirty Avenida Central is now the wide and very beautiful Avenida Rio Branco, and is today one of the

most beautiful business streets in the world. The Rua Ovedor is still the same narrow way, but the dingy curio stores of other days have given place to jewelry stores that will rival anything to be seen in Fifth avenue or the Paris shops. Instead of dusty or muddy roads they now have one of the best paved cities in the world, and all ancient filth and defilement is a thing of the past. Even the church walls being sacred, seemingly, which in the old days furnished the public comfort station. There has been a wonderful clean-up, and neither eye or nostril were offended during my stay of two weeks in the city.

I was up early Sunday morning and at the Central Station by 8:15 to meet my good friends the Essers, who came over from Sao Paulo on the night train. After getting them comfortably settled, an arrangement was made for a trip to the Botanical Gardens. A mental picture of this place had lingered in my mind for forty odd years, and its beauty had been heightened by both song and story dealing with its wonders, but immediate contact brought a cruel disillusionment. The Avenue of Royal Palms is there, and it is truly wonderful, but remove that and the everyday visitor will find little to interest him. The grounds are wretchedly kept. Rotting palm branches are piled along the walks, which are grass-grown in many places and strewn with dead leaves. Altogether there is an atmosphere of unpicturesque neglect.

There is a great variety of trees, which doubtless would interest the naturalist, but none of these trees, save the Royal palm and a few Ceibas, have any claim to beauty. In fact, given the Royal Elm avenue in Wallingford, Conn., with a half dozen New England oaks, and the lover of the beautiful would unhesitatingly turn his back upon the Botanical Garden, and very soon forget it ever existed. There is an almost total absence of flowers, and a few birds, and so a sense of lonliness is felt throughout the time spent in it. The object is to keep as near to nature as possible, but we sometimes overdo this nature business. The planting of a few flamboyant and other flowering trees would give the place an inexpressible charm, if at the same time, it could be kept reasonably free from rubbish, for the location is picturesque, with Corcovada standing guard above it.

The restaurant that was opposite the main entrance has been removed, much to my regret, for it was in this place I had my first sad experience with an unknown tongue. My friend Wilkenson and I tramped through the garden for two hours, and were hungry. When the waiter inquired if we would have French or English soup we both called for French, possibly because it was mentioned first, for we had no idea what would be served us. We found it delicious and I called for the second plate, at the same time telling the waiter in my best sign language to tell me what

it was made of. He understood all right, but his education along this line had been neglected, so he tried in vain to answer my question verbally. When we finished and were enjoying our coffee and cigarette a brilliant idea came to the waiter. He came in with the same expression on his face Columbus had when he heard "Land Ho" called. He was about to execute a stroke of genius, and coming to my side of the table he opened a shell he held in his hand and dropped a loathsome worm on my plate. The plate was tilted and it slid across it leaving a trail, and this beast was the basis of the famous soup. It was a case of "one look and all was over." Standing on the site nearly half a century later I felt a momentary upheaval, and perhaps it is just as well no opportunity was given to lunch in the old place, for this same memory might have intruded and interfered materially.

One of Mr. Niles' good letters brought me in contract with Mr. Swingley who has charge of the Du Pont interests in South America. This letter secured for me a fourteen-day card to the "Club Central," an invitation to the Chamber of Commerce dinnner, and, best of all, the privilege of having my Thanksgiving dinner with Mr. Swingley and his charming lady. It fell short on turkey, cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie and celery; not one of which was in evidence, but it was more than made up for by the atmosphere of kindliness all about, and the subjects of mutual interest so happi-

ly discussed. Mental pictures of other Thanksgiving dinners presented themselves, and I recalled the first green corn of the season served in far off Johannisburg on this National day, with watermellon for desert instead of pumpkin pie: and years later a wonderful dinner with all the details complete at the Seville in Havana, but grim tragedy sat at the table with us, for two hearts were aching and breaking, although the lips smiled and jested for two awful hours. I want to forget this and remember the perfectly happy night spent with my good friends the Robinsons of Liverpool, who shamed me by remembering the day and served me a perfect Thanksgiving dinner, when I had utterly forgotten for the time. So memory casts back over the years and celebrations in distant places; some sad, but many full of joyful recollection.

Saturday did not bid fair for an excursion, but as my time was getting short I decided to risk a trip to Petropolis. Rain-filled clouds were rolling in from the ocean, but an occasional glint of sunshine bid us hope. The sun was shining when we reached the foot-hills, but the cog road had not carried us 500 feet before we were enveloped in a dense fog bank, blotting out everything except a nearby waterfall from time to time and the rugged road we were mounting. This road is not nearly so attractive as the similar road from Sao Paulo to Santos; the Santos road being much more

abrupt, better built, and the general scenery more beautiful, but Petropolis itself is surely a gem. A scotch mist was falling, but we hired a decrepit outfit and drove around town. It was beautiful even under the adverse conditions, and on a fair day it must be an earthly paradise. A modest river has been walled in and runs through the center of the town. These walls were banked with hydrangeas in full bloom, and to further enhance the beauty of the mountain stream, flamboyant and other brilliant flowering trees are interspersed with the pepper and almond and other trees of rich foliage. There are many homes of extreme elegance, as this was for years the summer home of the emperor and wealthy Brazilians, for in the days of the empire a stay at Rio during the summer months would have been fatal; the yellow pest being epidemic always. Now, however, the city is preferable, being safe, and the beach front of Copacabana and the foot-hills of Tejuca afford home sites just as comfortable and comparatively free from the cloud cap, which hangs eternally over Petropolis. It is therefore losing its prestige as a summer resort and will ultimately drop back to a trading point, with codfish dealers and coffee traders getting cheap rent in palatial homes, but let us hope they will never neglect the flower possibility of the place, for nowhere can they be found in such profusion or greater beauty.

A trip had been made to the top of the Sugar

Loaf one week ago, but it was cloudy, so this morning (Sunday) with a brilliant sun to start with, we decided for another venture. A tram car from Avenida Hotel carries one out past the medical school and hospital for the insane to the terminal of the Air Line (literal this time) for the Sugar Loaf. A cage, holding sixteen to twenty people, according to size, is suspended on heavy wire cables and carried us to the summit of Arnca. This is a sort of half-way house, and time is given and pressure is brought to bear upon tourists to drink some warm beer and eat attenuated sandwiches. We fell for it in order to enjoy the novelty, and novelties come high always, for we paid $2.50 for one real life-sized sandwich, so scientifically constructed that it bore the outward appearance of being three, but we could look out over a scene, one view of which would be worth ten times what we paid. A walk of perhaps two hundred yards brought us to the second starting point. Arnca at this point is very abrupt and the cage swings out over a profound depth at once. A beautiful bit of curving beach lies almost beneath on the ocean side, and off to the left is spread the panorama of marvelous beauty already seen from Corcovada, and described from that viewpoint. The trip is far less sensational than one would suppose, viewing it from below, but it does give one a thrill to be thus suspended twixt heaven and earth, and, at the center of the last reach, those

Hold On To The Rope.

wires look confoundedly frail. The view from the top of the Sugar Loaf is equally impressive as that from Corcovada and infinitely more so than from Tejuca, but Corcovada being 1,000 feet higher the view is more comprehensive, and sightseers should visit the Sugar Loaf first, as it cannot take anything from the glory from Corcovada, whilst Corcovada does dim the glory of his lesser brother somewhat. We remained at the top until clouds gathered about us, and were then interested in watching the breaks come, giving a view of some rapturous picture magnified because concentrated. This peep hole would close and another open revealing a vision still more entrancing, and sorry we were to finally leave our mountain perch for the common earth below. This is the early summer season, and there have been some few very hot days, with two or three uncomfortable nights, but it is doubtful if it ever gets as distressing as in New York or Pittsburgh during midsummer, for a refreshing sea breeze is sure to come in the afternoon and the land breeze sets in by 10:30 at night.

A shopping trip in Rio for the first time is sure to give one a jolt, for when 300$000 stares one in the face as the price of a suit of clothes, and 70$000 for a pair of shoes, with a wild array of figures on all other necessary habiliments, they are inclined to pray for weather just a little warmer, so they might consistently revert to the fig leaf,

and bare feet. The fact that 300$000 only represents about $95.00 in real money makes the figure none the less staggering, and the humor of Mark Twain's lunch in Madeira before he became acquainted with their money values is quite apparent. As he tells it, a party of four had lunch in one of the seemingly modest restaurants, ordering a bottle of wine, which he had been told was very cheap on the Island. It was Twain's treat, and he stopped for a moment when he saw the following read 31$500. Taking out his wallet containing $800.00 and unhooking his watch from the chain, he laid them on the table; then turning solemnly to the waiter said, "If this is not sufficient to settle my bill, you can go to hell."

There are several large industries in and around Rio. Three cotton mills employing about 1,800 people each, and a match factory in Nichtheroy being the largest in the way of factories, but there is a ship building plant of considerable importance situated on one of the larger islands at the upper end of the bay. I visited the match factory and was shown through it in detail by the courteous manager, Senor Maderos. It is up to date in every sense of the word, speed being the watchword. They employ 700 people, and turn out 700,000 boxes of wood and wax matches daily. They are equipped with a regular cotton mill for the latter product, and the process of spinning, twisting, dipping and cutting is very interesting, and the fur-

ther process of heading, boxing, labelling and stamping reminds me of the cigarette machines in the Camel factory at Winston-Salem, the machine here being almost as "human" in its automatic work. The Rotary Club stopped off at Winston en route to Atlanta for the convention, two years ag, and we visited the Camel plant. Standing beside one of the cigarette machines and watching it take a ribbon of paper, drop the exact amount of tobacco on it, roll and seal the edge, cut off at the rate of 580 per minute, and neatly drop them into the rack, brought a quaint comment from one of our Allentown brothers. Laying his hand on my shoulder he said: "If you would say hello to dat tam ting it would tell you to shut up and don't pother me, I vas busy." The match machines impress one the same way.

Rio has a superb electric outfit, the Light and Power Company furnishing light and power to factories, warehouses and homes at a very reasonable rate. This is made possible by harnessing the falls at Ribeiro las Lages, some fifty miles from the city. They generate nearly 100,000 H. P., and increase it from time to time by adding more machines. This company operates the street cars of Rio, and give rather slow, but efficient service; the cars being kept clean and the conductors patient with pilgrims who seek information in an unknown tongue, and fret when the answers are not given so they can understand. Taking it full

and by, Brazil has the best of the game over all other South American countries, being blessed with inexhaustable natural resources, which, in time, will be developed and make of her in many cases a rival of the U. S. Disease still has a grip upon the people in many sections, and this is a serious handicap; for the authorities have to deal with a primitive people in great numbers, and until they are reached with some degree of education they must count on these plagues of smallpox and yellow fever. Rio is singularly free, as before stated, but other large cities in the Republic suffer sadly, simply because they cannot control these citizens as yet. However, all this will be cleared up in the near future. Bahia, Para and Pernambuca are not nearly as pest ridden today as Rio was forty years ago, and in less than half that time we will see these cities in the same class with Rio, so far as general health goes, and when this is brought about Brazil will put the famous Garden of Eden in the "also ran" class.

FAREWELL TO RIO.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Our ship was booked to sail November twenty-second, but the date was advanced from time to time until final word came saying we would surely leave December 1st. There was no regret because of the delay, for had she sailed on the twenty-second many pleasant and profitable hours would have been missed, but the delay allowed me to attend to my business successfully, and a chance to see something of this wonderful land. The International Machinery Company, and the Grace Company gave me every assistance and did everything to make my stay pleasant. Then too there is the Roof Garden of the Palace Hotel and the "Missouri Waltz" with one dear girl who could dance. The result of my recent illness still lingers, but this was forgotten and for the time being I was a boy again. She and her husband came to the ship to bid me adieu, and each of us agreed that we would never hear the strains of the "Missouri" without seeing the white walled roof, and have a vision of the fairy lights reflected on mirrored waters, with battlements of shadowy mountains all about us, and overhead the purple dome with Orion's brilliant sword and belt under the red glare of Alde-

baran and Canopus scintillating like a mighty diamond in the midst of the starry host. Moore tell us; "If woman can make the worst wilderness dear, Think, think what she would make of the Vale of Cashmere." Well, had he gotten to Rio under happy conditions he would never have written these oft quoted lines, in that he could not make "dear" and "Rio" fit in any way, and Cashmere would have been forgotten. It was nearly six o'clock when we left the dock and before we passed out of the bay the city was ablaze with lights, presenting a new picture to our delighted gaze. The avenida lights along the water-front following the graceful curves of the seven semi-circular bays between the city and the Sugar Loaf made a perfect festoon, with a perfect reproduction reflected from the face of the sparkling waters. This gem-like beauty ended at the base of the Sugar Loaf, which was all the more grim because of the entrancing beauty that lay at its feet. Its granite walls shut out the wondrous scene, and a half-smothered sigh struggled for expression as the view narrowed and finally faded. As we passed out into the Atlantic the lights of Copacabana came into view. This beach is a vast semi-circle lit at regular intervals with powerful electric lights, and at a distance of four or five miles it resembled a necklace of iridescent pearl stretched out upon a black velvet cloth. The lighthouse at the extreme end further carried out the illusion,

A Lasting Memory.

being the diamond pendant ready to drop into place when clasped about the throat of Aphrodite at the Sea Nymphs' ball. A glow, soft as the color of a butterfly's wing, lit up the spaces between the hills; the Sugar Loaf silhouetted against it in clear outline and crowned with a brilliant light resembling a wonderful star far up in the heavens. Back and beyond this "Watchman at the Gate," stood Corcovada and his many brothers of the eternal hills, all touched with a lambient light. Perhaps the twilight hour in "Jerusalem the Golden" may be something like this, but it could not be more beautiful. The aforementioned sigh escaped in full volume as the sea and shore line blended. Farewell Rio, and may I see your glorious face from Corcovada once more before I book my final passage!

I am doomed to experience the greatest discomfort since leaving New York, and the slow speed of this ship would indicate at least thirty days of it. She is overcrowded, and I am herded in with two other pilgrims. Thank heaven, they are both gentlemen in manner and habit, so it might be worse. Added to my other discomforts is an army of children, one of whom is provided with my pet aversion in the shape of a mouth organ. The inventor of this instrument of torture should be classed with the maker of the first Klaxon horn, and I shall ask for a week-end vacation for at least one million years in order that I may go

down to their rightful habitation and watch them burn. And should the stokers show signs of fatigue during my visits they will have a cheerful volunteer to help them shovel coal.

The first three days out from Rio found me hanging over the ship's bow, it being the only quiet spot to be found between 4 A. M., and midnight. There is a good Samaritan on board, a Mr. Ward, and he noticed my distress with due sympathy, and told me he would see what could be done to help me out. The next morning he was on guard at the main gangway, and when I joined him he said, "I am looking for the captain, and when he comes along we will both tackle him for the use of the chart room for you." Just then the captain came along, and assuming a solemn countenance I said: "Captain, I am like unto the voices of the wandering wind, which moan for rest but rest can never find, except when hanging over the bow, and writing is quite impossible there. Can you find me some quiet corner that can be called my own for three or four hours each day?" "Sure I can," he said, "Come along with me," and he took me to the chart room where he cleared the desk telling me I was welcome to its use at all hours day or night. This is a great privilege, and will insure me a chance to link up my notes. Ward seems as well pleased as myself, and is now in search of some other mortal in distress. Had he lived in the days of old he would have been a

knight errant, for he is ever ready to render unobtrusive service, with a kindly word for all occasions. There is a sad heart on board going home from Rio with her two babies, the oldest four and the other less than one year old. In the hold, sealed in lead, is the body of her loved one. He was romping in the surf at 5 o'clock, and at eight that same evening was dead. A brilliant naval career was ended, leaving a pitiful stretch of lonely years before his loved one and her kiddies. Ward, with his ever ready smile, frequently breaks the trend of her sad thoughts, when childish prattle of Daddy brings tears to her eyes. There are several fine fellows on board, and already many delightful hours have been spent with genial Captain Robinson. He is a typical English sea captain, with a fund of sea tales, and the ability to tell them well, and there is sure to be many a first watch kept until the relief comes on at midnight with he and I on the bridge or in his cabin.

The picturesque mountains of Rio and vicinity have given place to flat shore line, not unlike the Jersey coast as we approach Bahia. The city is located at the mouth of a bay greater in extent than is the body of water back of Rio, but is uninteresting. The city covers a series of abrupt bluffs, and makes an attractive picture from anchorage, and that is all we will see of it, as there is a plague of smallpox raging, with from forty to sixty dying daily, and yellow fever released its

grip on the place less than a month ago. There are still sporadic cases of fever and one case of bubonic is reported, so an order was posted telling us no passengers would be allowed ashore. This was the ruling of the health authorities, but a horde of negro stevedores overran the ship for thirty hours, rubbing elbows with the passengers and lounging in our chairs during the night. An "inspection of arms" was the order of the day, and the question "have you been vaccinated?" religiously asked. Everbody was pronounced immune and of course we are, and could have gone ashore in absolute safety. This is my first visit to Bahia, and not getting on shore is a great disappointment. One thousand tons of coffee, sugar and coca beans were taken on board, and at 5 P. M. Sunday we headed out the bay for Para. We have as passenger with us Dr. Hackett, the noted bacteriologist, who is in charge of the Rockefeller Foundation work in Brazil and has been identified with that organization for many years. Last night he told me an interesting story of how an appeal for help after the great storm in Porto Rico the fall of 1901 brought a shipload of provisions to the stricken island, and how, after feeding the people they still had the appearance of being starved. Dr. Ashford reached the conclusion that some disease had fastened upon them. His investigation demonstrated that practically every one on the island was suffering from what had been known for many

years in Europe as tunnel disease, but not suspected on this side of the water. Further investigation showed that persons affected had their efficiency cut down from an ability to pick eight measures of coffee in harvesting to a struggle to pick one in a day.

Dr. Styles, acting on information from Dr. Ashford, arriving in Washington, inaugurated a campaign to ascertain if this disease had gotten a foothold in the States. He found an appalling condition existing throughout the Southland, and learned that our so-called lazy niggers and still more worthless whites, were really suffering from this insidious disease. The known data was laid before Mr. Rockefeller in 1908, and a million dollars were given by him, having in view the arrest and elimination of this plague. It was a heroic task, as it was found that millions and millions of people located in a belt around the world from about thirty degrees above the equator to thirty-six degrees below, were its victims, and other millions were added to the first amount in order to go after the thing properly. This fund is now one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and is being used in the investigation of all the chief diseases which affect mankind. It has been instrumental in almost removing yellow fever from the earth, and reducing the area and virulence of other diseases. Data gathered in Brazil by Dr. Hackett shows that over fifteen million of the inhabitants are sufferers from

hookworm, and they are being treated at the rate of 50,000 each month. The organization has ten stations and is being ably supported by the Brazilian government, the arrangement being for the foundation to appropriate one quarter the amount of the funds necessary to carry on the work, to which the state adds another quarter. The federal government then contributes the other half, and the work goes on. Although it was rather a gruesome story of suffering and frequent death, it was yet fascinating to learn how a pesky larva enters the foot, usually by way of the tender tissue between the toes, works itself into the blood; passes through the heart and into the lungs. There, getting into one of the minute veins, and being blocked, it proceeds to bore its way to freedom, and further cussedness by way of the air chambers. From the air chambers it reaches the windpipe and is swallowed, reaching its permanent home in the intestines. Once there in sufficient numbers they will drain three or four ounces of the victim's blood daily, the loss of which will soon send the sufferer into the kingdom of worms. It is comforting to know a specific has been found, and that from two to five treatments effect a permanent cure, barring further infection.

We also have Dr. McCall and his wife and daughter with us going home for a much needed rest after three and one-half years' labor in the Presbyterian mission of Brazil. The doctor preached a very

able sermon today, taking for his text "It is I, be not afraid," and reading the 107th Psalm, laying great stress on the 23rd and 24th verses. It was a sermon for those who go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, and he materially helped us "see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep." Dr. McCall is in charge of field work in Northern Brazil, and seems hopeful of the future, although he has encountered the keenest opposition during the greater part of the twenty-seven years he has put in at this work. But patience and faith has gained ground everywhere, and they no longer feel the need of a fort in which to conduct their divine services. Mrs. McCall, who has served twenty years, told how on one occasion they huddled in an inner room and listened to the bombardment lasting until after midnight. Curiously enough it was a reproduction of an old bible incident. In this particular town lived another Demetrius, only he worked in wax, and was a maker of figures of the many saints, and when he learned of Dr. McCall's coming he got busy and doubtless said to the people "moreover ye see and hear; that not alone at A Lapa but almost throughout Brazil this man McCall hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no saints which are made by hand, so that not only this one craft is in danger to be set at naught; but also that the temple of Our God should be despised and her

magnificence should be destroyed, whom all Brazil and the world worshipeth." We read that when the people of Ephesus heard these sayings they were full of wrath and the whole city was filled with confusion. Unfortunately in this case there was no town clerk to appease the people, and they threw stones and invectives until they finally grew weary and retired. The doctor and his family made an early start the next morning, and escaped further assault. It seems the priests, for many years, told the people our missionaries were servants of the devil first, and any time they had left over after his ministry was fulfilled was put in with the object in view of subjugating the land and making the people vassals of the United States, and they were earnestly called upon to rise and thrust out the insidious invaders, but they were now learning that this same insidious invader brings with him medicine to cure their physical ills and imparts knowledge whereby they learn how to get the most out of their narrow lives. That he touches their sympathy with a music they can understand, and shows them wonderful pictures of the outside world with the aid of a portable magic lantern, and so they are being taught the truth that makes men free.

We have been sailing about 100 miles from the coast in order to escape the many bad places shown on the chart, but turned in during the night and took on the pilot at 4:30 this morning. The in-

tense blue water we have been riding through for the past week has given place to a jade color, which grows deeper every hour as we approach the mouth of the mighty river. Captain Robinson tells me he has seen the water discolored 200 miles from the coast during the March floods, and at that time a great wedge of fresh water is driven into the body of the ocean and ships can fill their water tanks from it miles from shore. Americans are told we have the "Father of Waters," but that being so, the Amazon must be the grandfather all right. We anchored five miles from the landing at Para, and yesterday all hands left the ship in the company tug for a visit on shore. It was at this place the romance of rubber was written (see library book on rubber.) This is also the shipping point for the woods of Brazil, which are world famous for beauty and utility. The Brazil wood, for instance, produces a valuable dye, and at the same time is more beautiful than the finest mahogany. The Jacaranda also produces a dye and is used extensively for veneer, but the most remarkable is the Pau roxo. This has a fine grain and is a rich purple, producing a lasting dye. Another beautiful wood is the Peroba rosa. This has a smooth even grain and is the color of peach blossoms. Nothing in the way of wood could be more dainty in shade. This produces a medicine similar to quinine in taste and effect, and the wood is used for the construction of fine cabinet work, not

only because it is attractive, but the wood-eating worms, so plentiful in this country, steer clear of it. Then there is the "Angelim rejado" like the oak in appearance, but mottled with old oak and gold attractively blended; the Pau Santo (holy wood) very like black walnut; the ivory wood, a creamy white that finishes up to look like its name, and a cedar that rivals the trees of Lebanon. Artistic woodwork could be developed from material gotten here that would be royal.

The city of Para has nothing specially attractive except countless Mango trees. It is literally shaded with this most beautiful tree and the broad avenues with tile-front houses each with more or less of a flower garden attached, makes a pleasing picture. The equator is only a few miles north from here, yet midsummer in Pittsburgh is much hotter, and although it lies at the edge of a vast swamp the general health of its citizens is good. The captain and I visited the Botanical garden and Zoo finding it more attractive to the casual observer than the more famous garden in Rio. They have a large collection of the birds and animals of the country, and in the museum many relics of the aboriginees. Altogether the day was well spent. The pilot came on board early this morning (Thursday December eighteenth), and at 10:30 we were on our way to Barbados. A refreshing breeze came across the water to us from the nearby shore, and it was equal in sweet perfume to the

zephyrs from Arcady the blest. A delay in getting the clearance papers this morning put us back nearly two hours, and we were compelled to anchor for the night off Gavotas shoals, which means another twelve hours lost.

"FATHER NAPKIN."

CHAPTER XIX.

An early start was made this morning, and at noon the pilot left us. The dim shore line of Brazil was yet visible, but we changed our course to N. by W. at once and soon lost sight of land. We crossed the equator at 4 P. M., but most of us are already Sons of Neptune, and some are foster brothers of the King, so his Majesty did not visit the ship. One of the kiddies came to me with eyes sparkling and asked if "Father Napkin" was coming to see us. It was near enough for me to understand, and I was able to tell her that "Father Napkin" had another job on hand, and it was doubtful if we would see him this trip. The little sinner seemed disappointed, because she wanted to see them "throw the mans overboard." It has been a delightful afternoon with the trade wind blowing fresh and cool, making a sharp contrast to my last crossing at this point. We then ran into a rain storm when within a few miles of the line, and the wind ceased, leaving us in a dead calm. For three days we drifted helplessly, whilst the rain fell in streams, and this is literally true. Had the sky been a tank holding a million tons of water, with half inch holes bored in its bottom, the effect

would not have been different. By the time we got out of the rain belt the cre wwas actually parboiled, and the sun never looked so good to me before or since as it did the afternoon we broke through into his beneficient radiance.

We have had six heavenly days sailing over a laughing sea, and at ten o'clock this morning the hazy outline of Barbados appeared on the horizon. It was nearly noon before the shore became distinct, but everybody was on deck speculating as to the time we would make anchor, and how long we would be on shore. We found a number of American and English ships in the bay, and anchored in their friendly company. The ship was soon surrounded with a vociferous bunch of boatmen yelling their heads off soliciting fares for the shore. Other boats had naked divers to entertain us, one making the trip under the ship's bottom and on up the other side for the modest sum of one shilling. Our party caught the "Firefly" and literally danced over the waters to the landing. There was, apparently, the same crowd of negroes I saw here forty years ago. The old section of the town is just as it was then, but great improvements have been made on the island. Two of the taxi solicitors followed me for more than a block pestering me to take a ride around the town. No attention was paid to them whatever, and finally one of them said, "Its no use, he is a damn German doctor." I had just purchased a heavy

shark bone cane, and reached for him, but the coon was a little too quick in his getaway. However, he found out I was no German, and he also discovered what branch of the animal kingdom he originated from. The streets were lined with donkey carts and thronged with a motley horde of every stage of dress and undress. People were busy marketing, for tomorrow is Christmas, but there is nothing in the surroundings to suggest the day. How the eyes of these natives would bulge if they could walk through Lexington Market in Baltimore at this same hour!

The island has a most interesting history although it has remained under the English flag since its discovery. King Charles lost it in a poker game with the Earl of Carlisle in 1627, but forgot he had used it to settle a former obligation with Marlborough, and at the same time ignored courteous original settlers, which brought on civil war. Heads were freely broken, but the Carlisleites got the best of it and established Bridgton, which has remained the Capital. The island is small, but has a population of over two hundred thousand. It is much overcrowded but quite prosperous, as it produces much sugar, and some cotton, and is self-sustaining so far as vegetables go. It is unattractive when compared with Porto Rico or Jamaica, but the climate is delightful and the people seem content.

Today is Christmas and there has been some ef-

fort put forth to entertain the kiddies with a toy tree and some small gifts, but the Christmas spirit has been woefully lacking, and the day has been deadly dull. We are doomed to spend New Years in the same listless manner, but each hour brings Broadway at least seven knots nearer. Although the day was stupid the sunset at night was wonderful. The great dome was deep blue, shading down to pale turquoise, and this in turn merged into a dainty shade of old rose. Finally three-fourths of the horizon was banded with salmon pink, and flecked with small clouds of copper hue. A few minutes later the lower sky in the east became rose pink, and the clouds a pale olive green, whilst the sun passed behind a bank of blackness. This cloud immediately was edged with liquid gold, and in a few minutes the sun blazed out beneath, giving it the appearance of the open door of a fiery furnace. This brought about an entirely new combination of colors. A film of golden lace floated over the western sky and through it shone the slender horn of the new moon, silver bright, whilst the firmament took on every shade of mauve, pale green, blue and pink. I staid on the bridge until all light had faded save that of the baby moon, and watched Altair hang out his blue-white light low in the northwest. In another minute the angry eyes of Taurus looked down upon us. Another moment and the sky was a blaze of glory, with Orion and his brilliant host; his belt and sword

made up of glittering stars and mysterious nebula. Then out of a cloud bank came Sirius, well named the "Light of Heaven" by Egyptian priests. Professor Serviss tells us "the renown of Sirius is as ancient as the human race. There has never been a time or a people in which or by whom it was not worshipped, reverenced and admired. To the builders of the Egyptian temples and pryamids it was an object as familiar as the sun itself." No doubt the builders of the temple in Tihuanaca fifteen thousand years ago began some festive rite at the heliacal rising of this same monarch of the sky. But he has a close rival in this hemisphere, for Canopus sends out the same diamond flashes and both, when seen through a good glass, are almost blinding.

I was up this morning at 5 o'clock, and can understand what prompted the Psalmist to speak of the morning stars singing together. He saw the heavens in his day as I saw them this morning. Orion and his cavalcade were low in the west, but his splendor was undimmed. Canopus had gone to bed, but, in his place, shone the Southern Cross, almost upright in the sky, and by its side, as if to guard it from harm, were the great suns of the Centuri. High in the north the Great Bear hung in heavenly beauty, with Arcturus shedding light, which started on its journey to earth fifty years ago. Near the zenith Spica was sending his flawless beams of pure white to us almost as long a

journey. Banding the heavens and almost in line were our sister and three brothers; Venus in the east as morning star, with Mars and Saturn in their order, and Jupiter hurrying down the western slope lest the sun catch him and blot out his glory. Then smaller stars began to steal away and were lost in the pearl gray of the coming dawn. Soon the same golden rays I had watched fade from the waters last night reached out to me from the east. "Then God smiled and it was morning; matchless and supreme." As late as 9:30 this morning I was able to bring Venus down to the horizon with the sextant and note the distance she had climbed since I saw her at five o'clock. It was a wonderful thing to see her doing battle, woman like, to hold her own against great odds.

We crossed the twenty-fourth meridian north latitude at noon Sunday, and felt the heat more than at any time since leaving Rio, which very naturally brought on a disturbance. Today we are bucking a head sea, with wireless reports saying a gale is on its way to meet us. This indicates another serious delay, for we are making but five knots per hour. New Year's eve was celebrated by distributing prizes to the winners of games that have been pulled off during the past week, and then a progressive bridge party was organized to pass the time until the New Year came in. When eight bells struck we all stood and exchanged greetings, after which a toast was

drank to the ones at home. The sky was heavily overcast all of New Year's day, with a fitful gale coming out from Hatteras, and everyone in the dumps, for we see our hopes of getting in Saturday growing beautifully less. But the ship is thoroughly comfortable, although a beam sea is running that would make one of the West Coast ships turn turtle. We entered the gulf stream at 1 o'clock this morning, and at eleven o'clock witnessed a strange phenomenon. A cold northeast wind was sweeping down from the coast of Greenland, and when the cold air hit the face of a high wave it would send up a cloud of steam until it had the appearance of a fog bank. At noon the sun came out and then we looked out over a perfect cauldron. I have crossed the gulf stream countless times, but never witnessed this phenomena before. At two o'clock this morning I was awakened by a warning blast from the ship's whistle, and went on deck to find a blizzard whirling about us. It did not last long, but gave me a foretaste of what is going on in New York; and Rio will seem very alluring about next Saturday.

There was another diversion this morning that we must be thankful did not occur during the blizzard, else there might be another story to tell. I came on deck for a turn before breakfast, and noticed a steamer on the starboard bow, but gave no special attention. In a few minutes she suddenly changed her course, and if our bridge officer

had not reversed our power full-speed she would have surely hit us. The whole outfit evidently had gone loco, for she executed another wild maneuver before clearing the way for us to go on our course. Our "Old Man" was on the bridge, and the signal he sent across the water by whistle has no place in the code, but had he used a megaphone he could not have said, "What the blankety, blank, blank, are you trying to do, you blooming lobster" any more definitely. The offending craft did not reply, but they got the message all right. No one appeared on her bridge, and Wilson suggested the possibility of them losing record of time and celebrating New Year's eve last night. At least something was wrong, and had it not been clear daylight, and our ship under perfect control, there would have been a smash that might have ended in the "Great Adventure" for some of us. The delay of last night and this morning blocks all hope of reaching New York before tomorrow morning, so our minds are at rest on that score. We raised Barnegat light at 7 o'clock this evening, and home seems very near. It has been a long journey, full of incident, some danger, much physical discomfort and actual suffering, but all the distress is forgotten in the memory of friends met; scenes recorded on the tablets of memory for future use, and a knowledge of South America not to be gotten in any other way.

A WORD OF CAUTION.

CHAPTER XX.

The patient reader will now want to know something of my impressions as to the business prospects in South America and what our chances are to get and hold this trade when European countries and Japan get on a producing basis once more. Competition will then become keen, and we must prepare to meet it by first sending men into this country fitted for the work. A knowledge of the language is essential, but it is far more important to select men temperamentally adapted to these people. They resent many of our natural traits, and these should have the soft pedal down there. As a rule the South American is low-voiced and his conversation in dining rooms and public places is not pitched crescendo. Neither does he speak of his best friend as a liar or boob or worse in ordinary conversation. Not that he cannot swear when the occasion demands it. Let there be an offense, real or fancied, and the Spaniard or Portugese will cause milk to curdle in the adjoining county, but swearing is not adapted to friendly discourse and polite society as it is with us. An incident in the dining room of one of the hotels in Lima illustrates what I mean. A salesman

representing one of our large business houses, came in with two companions and occupied the table adjoining mine. After giving his order for a whiskey and soda he turned to his companion and said, "Did you ever get mixed up with such a bunch of damn liars in your life as they are in this burg?" He then elaborated his opinion of South Americans in general and the people of that town in particular, and all this delectable tirade was given in a tone loud enough to be heard and understood by forty or fifty people in the dining room. Incalculable harm was done American interests, for we may rest assured nothing was lost in the retelling of this incident. This would be specially true if the story was retold by some representative from Europe or Japan when discussing us as competitors.

Now this unfortunate thing was not the result of any real feeling toward the people of that town, neither did it actually extend to the individual whom he specially referred to, but he had perhaps lost a wad in a poker game the night before, and no doubt his prospective customer had dropped some coin in the same game and had failed to keep promised engagement, or have the order ready. Our friend turned loose a line of talk so common with us that it makes no impression, and half the time is not even heard; but people in South America note every act and expression of our people when we are amongst them, and it be-

hooves us to speak and act circumspectly. When a citizen of Lima calls our attention to their beautiful cathedral, it is not good taste to look at it with lack-lustre eyes and say, "Oh yes, but you should see St. John the Divine on Morningside Heights." Neither does it get us anywhere in their good graces when we loudly condemn their hotels, railroads and steamship lines. Of course, we claim constructive criticism; but it is doubtful if anything is accomplished by this, except a withdrawal of their favor. These people know full well they do not have a Woolworth Building or an Edgar Thompson Steel Works. They do not have to be told our nation overshadows them in art, science and industry. They know it, and our boastful comparisons are more than odious. The Englishman, German and Japanese have learned this lesson, and when their attention is called to an opera house, art gallery or race track they proceed to register admiration both in words and facial expression, and the friendly compact is sealed right there.

Our style of "You call me Bill" after the second meeting is another thing resented, and even in the Rotary Club where good-fellowship is carried to the Nth degree, it is Don Juany, Don Pedro, but never Jack or Pete as it would be in one of our clubs. Now if Rotary cannot break down this inherent reserve, it is extremely dangerous to make the attempt with a prospective customer. One of

the really difficult things for us to adjust ourselves to is the "Manana," and more often "Manana por la manana," and this frets us because we are accustomed to do business swiftly, and cannot understand why they should wait until tomorrow or the day after. But it is their way of doing business, and we must not lose patience and call them boobs and other American pet names.

The business situation was very much muddled on the west coast when I was there, and much bitter feeling seemed inevitable because of the vast amount of merchandise piled in the several ports that had been refused by the consignee. This was brought about by duplication of orders during the war, in hopes that at least one consignment would get through. When the armistice was signed all back orders were shipped, and Mollendo had enough merchandise of various lines consigned to Bolivia to last that country five years, and someone is sure to be badly stung before the matter is straightened out. Another troublesome thing for our shippers is the matter of exchange, and conditions are specially distressing in Chili, but surely this evil will soon be corrected, for it is a serious drawback to the prosperity of that country. A few bankers coin money through the scheme, but "Jones pays the freight." Currency in Peru, Argentine and Uraguay is absolutely staple, and it was fairly so in Brazil, but exchange ran wild during my stay in Rio; the

American dollar ranging down from 3$900 to 3$200 in ten days. This bit of high finance cost me over $100.00, and if it fretted me, which it did, how about the chap or the business concern who stood a loss of thousands? Many protests are sounded regarding our careless packing, and with good reason. One merchant in Sao Paulo told me of an order sent to the States for ten reels of barbed wire. He specifically stated that each reel should contain one length, but when his customer unwound them, one contained six pieces and one twenty pieces. Three pieces to the reel was the nearest to the specification. This man was mad all through. Another merchant in Rio ordered several thousand dollars' worth of white silk and satin dress goods. He went into minute details as to how the bolts should be wrapped and packed, but instead of coming through in water-proof paper covering, and in heavy packing cases they were shipped with fancy paper wrapping inflimsy cases. One of the downpours of rain so frequent in Rio came on when this merchandise was being hoisted into the lighter, and the merchant got a lot of material well suited for a circus clown's outfit, but not just right for wedding dresses, and he was peevish. There is one more case worth citing. A contractor in Buenos Aires was building a plant up on the "Roof" above Mendosa, for which he required certain electric equipment. The standard machine weighed eight hundred pounds,

so he had his engineer re-design it so that no part would weigh over one hundred and twelve pounds. The specification and reason for this specification was made in red ink, explaining that parts must be transported up the mountain on llamas and assembled at the plant, and these beasts could not negotiate any heavier burden. The new design had been faithfully followed, but they were dumped on the dock intact. Every bolt and rivet tight and fast, and I am told the customs house looked up the tariff on sulphur when the contractor got well started on his remarks. It is to be hoped these incidents will tend to caution our business men and help them avoid such errors as noted. Let them keep in mind that a shipment of silk from New York to Rio de Janeiro is not so easily adjusted if something goes wrong, as it would be if consigned to Hoboken. When the merchant or dealer runs the gamut of a South American customs house and gets his goods in warehouse only to find them damaged or unsalable, he is going to close that account at once, and mark it up in the column of losses, for he would never succeed in getting an adjustment. To our way of thinking the South Americans were very much pampered prior to the war. Every minute whim was accepted as an obligation by the European manufacturer or jobber, and if this whim had not already been made standard a courteous letter went forward saying, "We do not have this particular style in stock but will

make it up at once, and ship in the near future." But from us they would get the next best thing, followed by a letter of astonishment if they made a protest. However, our consular agents, American chambers of commerce and the banking organizations recently established are doing fine work in holding our manufacturers up to standard, and they speak as one having authority. Another powerful factor for good clean business relations is the prospective establishment of Rotary clubs in every business center of importance. Clubs have been organized in Montevideo and Buenos Aires, with Rio de Janeiro, Pernambuco, Sao Paulo and Santiago de Chili as live possibilties. When this is done and we carry the banner of "service, not self" to these people, and prove by our business methods that we are sincere in our profession there will be created a new and happy era for "The Americas."

FINIS.